THE CELTIC LYRE

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GAELIC SONGS WITH ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS

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THE

CELTIC LYRE:

A COLLECTION OF

GAELIC SONGS, WITH ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS.

By FIONN.

MUSIC IN BOTH NOTATIONS.

GLASGOW:
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1908.

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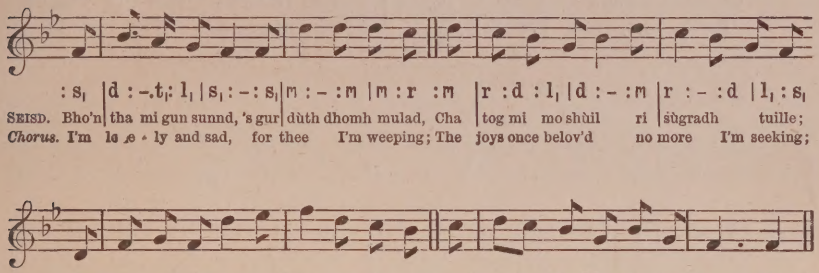
65. An t-òigear uallach—The gay young laddie.

THE CELTIC LYRE.

1.—MUILE NAM MOR-BHEANN—MULL OF THE BENS.

KEY B♭.—*Moderate, with feeling.*


: s, | d : -.t, : l, | s, : - : s, | m : - : m | m : r : m | r : d : l, | d : - : m | r : - : d | l, : s,
SEISD. Bho'n tha mi gun sunnd, 's gur dùth dhomh mulad, Cha tog mi mo shùil ri sùgradh tuille;
Chorus. I'm lo - ly and sad, for thee I'm weeping; The joys once belov'd no more I'm seeking;
: m, | s, : l, : s, | m : - : f | s : - : m | r : d : r | m : r : d | l, : d : l, | s, : - : - | s, : -
Cha téid mi le mùirn gu cùirt nan cruinneag, 'S mo rùn am Muile nam màr-bheann.
The heart once a - glow is cold - ly beating, And far from thy greeting I languish.

Am Muile nan craobh tha 'mhaighdean bhanail,
D' an tug mi mo ghaol 's mi faoin 'am bharail;
'S ma chaidh e fo sgaoil 's nach faod mi 'faighinn
Cha taobh mi caileagan Chòmhail.

Do shlios mar an fhaoilean, taobh na mara,
Do ghruaidh mar an caorann, sgaoilt' air mheangan;
Sùil ghorm a's glan aoidh, fo chaoin-rosg tana—
'S tu 'n òigh a mhealladh gach òigear.

Tha smuaine no dhà an dràsd air m' aire;
Cha 'n innis mi 'chàch ceann-fàth mo ghalair;
Ged laidheas mi tràth, cha tàmh dhomh cadal,
'S do ghràdh ga m' sgaradh an còmhnuidh.

Do chùl mar an lìon 'n a mhìle camag,
Nach greannach fo chìr 'us sìod' ga cheangal;
Do dhéud mar na dìsnean, dìonach, daingean;
Béul binn a ghabhail nan òran.

In Mull of the Bens there dwells my treasure,
The maiden I loved beyond all measure;
If she wont be mine, then farewell pleasure,
I'll pine in sorrow and anguish.

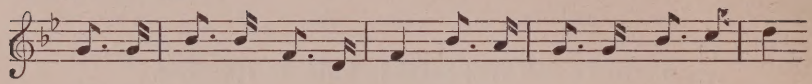
Thy breast with the sea-gull vies in whiteness;
Thy lips are like rowans, red with ripeness;
Thine eyes are like jewels, full of brightness,—
Thy heart is as light as a fairy's.

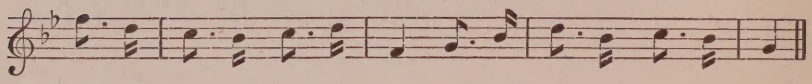
This maiden of mine is tall and slender,
With musical voice so sweet and tender;
Her beauty and grace I'll ere remember—
May Heaven defend her from danger.

So far from my dear, I'm sad and weary;
Alone must I pine! my thoughts are dreary;
One smile from that maid would raise and cheer me;
O, would I were near thee, my fairest!

This song, which will be found complete in several collections of Gaelic poetry, is the composition of DUNCAN LIVINGSTONE, Crogan, Mull *(Donnachadh nam blàr)*.

2.—'GHRUAGACH DHONN—BROWN-HAIRED NYMPH.

KEY B♭.—*With spirit.*

: l, .,l, | d .,d : s, .,m, | s, : d .,t, | l, .,l, : d .,r | m
'Ghruagach | dhonn a' bhroilich | bhàin, 'Chum do | chòdhail rium Di - | màirt,
Lovely nymph with face so | fair, Bosom white and | waving hair,



: s .,m | r .,d : r .,m | s, : l, .,d | m .,d : r .,d | l,
'Ghruagach | dhonn a' bhroilich | bhàin, Gu ma | slàn a chì mi | thu.
Brown-haired nymph so | kind and fair, Joy for | e'er; I pray for | thee.

'Ghruagach dhonn gun ghò, gun fhoill,
Chum a' choinneamh rium an raoir,
Bha mi còmhradh riut 's a' choill,
Sinn an caoimhneas diomhaireach.
'Ghruagach dhonn, &c.

Rinn mi coinneamh riut glé òg,
Ann an coille dhlùth nan cnò,
Bhithinn 'g éisdeachd ri do cheòl,
'S bha do phòg mar fhìgis leam.
'Ghruagach dhonn, &c.

Gu'n robh ise fallain, slàn,
Chum a' chòdhail rium Di-màirt,
Iarguin m' aigne 's m' airsneul phràmh,
'S mo chion-gràidh da-rìreadh thu.
'Ghruagach dhonn, &c.

Brown-haired nymph, so kind and free,
Yestereve I roamed with thee
Through the bonnie woods, where we
Used to be so gay, my dear.
Lovely nymph, &c.

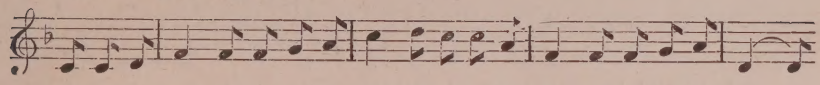
Young were we when first we strayed
Through the pleasant wooded glade,
Where, beneath the hazel shade,
My dear maid so gaily sang.
Lovely nymph, &c.

Sweet as music in my ear
Was thy voice so low and clear;
Brown-haired maid, I loved thee, dear,
And my tears betray my love.
Lovely nymph, &c.

This Song will be found complete in the "ORANAICHE."

8.—A' CHRUINNEAG ILEACH—THE ISLAY MAIDEN.

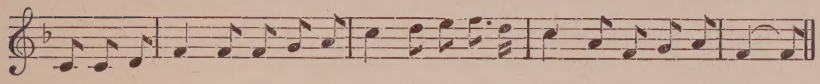
KEY F.—*Moderato, with expression.*



.s$_1$:s$_1$ .l$_1$ | d :d .d :r .m | s :l .s :s .m | d :d .d :r .m | l$_1$:l$_1$.

Och, och mar tha mi! 's mi nam aon - ar, Is cianail dh'fhàg thu mi'n déigh do chòmhradh,

Och, och mar tha mi! here so lone - ly, Despair has seized me and keeps his hold



.s$_1$:s$_1$ .l$_1$ | d :d .d :r .m | s :l .t :d'.,l | s :m .d :r .m | d :d.

Mo chreach's mo dhìbheil rach robh mi'n Ile, 'Smo chruinneag dhì - leas a dol a phòsadh.

Oh were I near thee in Islay on - ly, Before tho'st tak - en that man for gold.

Moch 's a'mhaduinn an àm dhomh dùsgadh
Shil mo shùilean 'us dh'fhàs mi brònach,
Mu'n sgeul a chualas air feadh an t-saoghail
Thu bhi ga d' ghlaodhaich, a ghaoil, Di-dòmhnuich.

'N uair bhios càch na'n cadal suaimhneach,
Bidh mise smuainteachadh ort an còmhnuidh,
Mar bhios an eala an déigh a bualadh;
'S e gaol na gruagaich a rinn mo leònadh.

Tha do shùilean mar na dearcan,
Tha do chneas mar chanach mòintich,
Do dhà ghruaidh cho dearg 's an caorann,
'S do mhala chaol mar ite 'n lòn-duibh.

Thug mi ùigh dhuit 'us chuir mi dùil annad,
Ged nach dùirichdeadh tu mo phòsadh;
Thug thu'n sliabh ort, 's cha b'fhiach leat m' fhoighneachd
'S ri fear gun chaoimhneas gu'n rinn thu còrdadh.

This doleful morning, how sad the waking!
My eyes with tear-drops fast running over,
For old love leaving, and old vows breaking,—
Thy banns are called with that other lover.

When sleeping sweetly the rest are lying
Wild dreams of anguish my mind is weaving;
I'm like the swan that drops wounded,—dying:
My love exhausts me with bitter grieving.

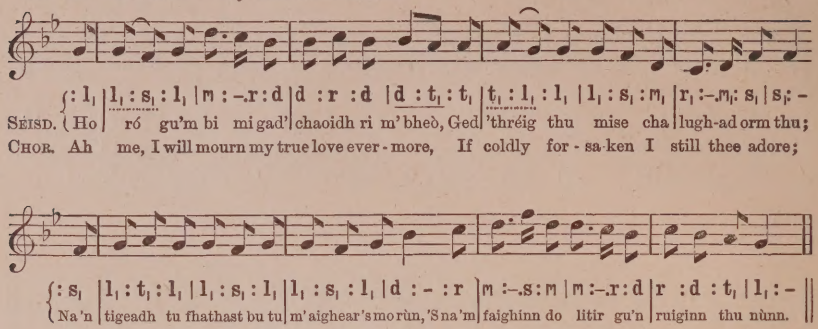
Alas! thy kind eye, so brightly shining;
Thy neck so comely, like canach blowing;
Those ebon eyebrows thy forehead lining;
Thy cheeks like berries or rowans glowing.

Since thou hast left me, and without warning,
Alas! and taken a man for gold!
Had I been by thee, false wisdom scorning,
Thyself, my dear one, thou hadst not sold.

Gaelic words old. Translation by the late THOMAS PATTISON, author of "GAELIC BARDS."

4.—BIDH MI GA D' CHAOIDH—I'LL SORROW FOR THEE.

KEY B♭.—*Moderato, beating twice in the measure.*


Séisd. (Ho ró gu'm bi mi gad' chaoidh ri m' bheò, Ged 'thréig thu mise cha lugh-ad orm thu;
Chor. Ah me, I will mourn my true love ever - more, If coldly for - sa-ken I still thee adore;
Na'n tigeadh tu fhathast bu tu m' aighear's mo rùn, 'S na'm faighinn do litir gu'n ruiginn thu nùnn.
If thou would'st return, 'twould be gladness to me; Or getting thy message, I'd hasten to thee.

Thoir an t-soraidh, ceud soraidh, thoir an t-soraidh so uam,
A nunn thun nam porta thar osnaich a' chuain,
Far an d' fhàg mi mo leannan, caol-mhala gun ghruaim, [bhuain.
'S gur cùbhraidh' leam d' anail na 'n caineal 'ga

'S 'n uair rànig mi 'n cladach bha m' aigne fo phràmh
A' cumha na maighdinn is caoimhneile gràdh.
'S 'n uair ghabh mi mo chead di air feasgar Di-màirt
Gu 'n deach mi 'n tigh-òsda a dh-òl a deoch-slàint'.

'S e so an treas turas dhomh féin a bhi falbh,
A dh' ionnsaidh na luinge le sgiobair gun chearb,
Le còmhlan math ghillean nach tilleadh roimh stoirm;
'S na 'm biodh agam botal gu 'n cosdinn sud oirbh!

Ged théid mi gu danns', cha bhi sannt agam dha,
Cha 'n fhaic mi té ann a ni samhladh do m' ghràdh;
'N uair dhìreas mi 'n gleann, bidh mi sealltainn an àird, [tàmh.
Ri dùthaich nan beann, 's a bheil m' annsachd a'

Bheir i bàrr air na ceudan an té 'tha mi 'sealg,
I'n gnùis mar an reul a bheir leus fad' air falbh,
Mar ròs air a' mheangan, tha 'n ainnir 'n a dealbh,
'S ged sgàineadh mo chridhe, cha 'n innis mi 'h-ainm.

Far over the ocean between us that lies,
O, bear ye my greetings to her that I prize;
Her neatly-arch'd eye-brows, unshaded with gloom,
And breath in its fragrance like roses in bloom.

When lately we parted, how sad the farewell,
Our words were but few, but our thoughts who can tell?
When lost to my vision, afar on the brine,
I drank thee success in a goblet of wine.

Three times have I cross'd to the ship, as she lay
Becalmed on the breast of the silvery bay;
My crew are the bravest that handle an oar,
Unawed by the tempest they laugh at its roar.

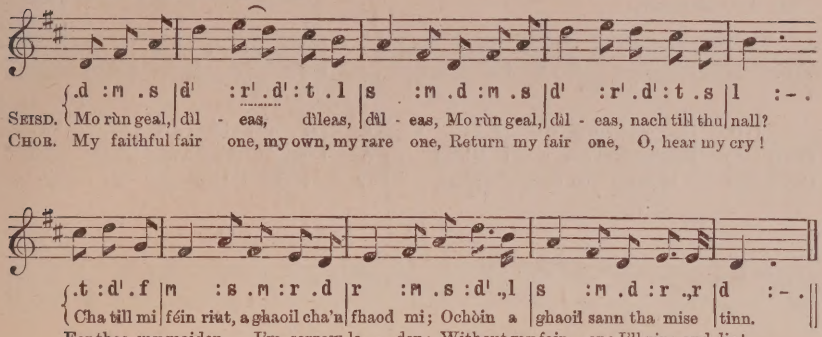
No ball-room can tempt me or raise my despair;
There is none in the dance that with thee could compare;
When climbing the mountains I gaze o'er the tide,
To the land where my fair one has gone to reside.

In beauty there's none with this maiden can vie;
She's bright as the stars in the blue-vaulted sky;
She's fair as the lily and sweet as the rose,
And nothing can tempt me her name to disclose.

Gaelic words by the late Dr. MAC LACHLAN, Rothesay. Translation by HENRY WHYTE, Glasgow.

5.—MO RUN GEAL, DILEAS—MY FAITHFUL FAIR ONE.

KEY D.—*Moderato, with expression.*


.d :m .s | d' :r'.d':t .l | s :m .d :m .s | d' :r'.d':t .s | l :-.
SEISD. Mo rùn geal, dìl - eas, dìleas, dìl - eas, Mo rùn geal, dìl - eas, nach till thu nall?
CHOR. My faithful fair one, my own, my rare one, Return my fair one, O, hear my cry!
.t :d'.f | m :s .m :r .d | r :m .s :d' .l | s :m .d :r .r | d :-.
Cha till mi féin riut, a ghaoil cha'n fhaod mi; Ochòin a ghaoil sann tha mise tinn.
For thee, my maiden, I'm sorrow-la - den: Without my fair one I'll pine and die!

Is truagh nach robh mi an riochd na faoilinn
A shnàmhadh aotrom air bhàrr nan tonn;
'Us bheirinn sgrìobag do 'n eilean Ileach,
Far bheil an rìbhinn dh' fhàg m' inntinn trom.

Is truagh nach robh mi 's mo rogha céile,
Air mullach shléibhte nam beanntan mòr,
'S gun bhi ga 'r n-éisdeachd ach eòin na speura,
'S gu'n tugainn fhéin di na ceudan pòg!

Thug mi còrr agus naoi miosan,
Anns na h-Innsean a b' fhaide thall;
'S bean bòidh'chead d' aodainn cha robh ri fhaotainn
'S ged gheobhainn saoghal cha'n fhanainn ann.

Thug mi mios ann am fiabhrus claoidhte,
Gun dùil rium oidhche gu'm bithinn beò;
B'e fàth mo smaointean a là 's a dh-oidhche,
Gu 'm faighinn faochadh 'us tu bhi 'm chòir.

Cha bhi mi 'strìth ris a' chraoibh nach lùb leam,
Ged chinneadh ùbhlan air bhàrr gach géig;
Mo shoraidh slàn leat ma rinn thu m' fhàgail,
Cha 'd thainig tràigh gun mhuir-làn 'n a déigh.

O could I be love in form of sea-gull,
That sails so freely upon the sea,
I'd visit Islay, for there abiding
Is that sweet kind one I pine to see.

O could we wander where streams meander
I'd ask no grandeur from foreign clime;
Where birds would cheer us and none would hear us,
I'd kiss my dear one and call her mine.

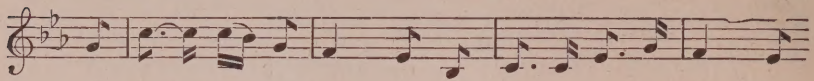
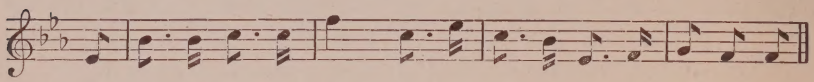
In foreign regions I lived a season,
And none could see there with thee to vie;
Thy form so slender, thy words so tender,
I will remember until I die.

In fevered anguish, when left to languish,
No human language my thoughts could tell,
I thought, my dearie, if thou wert near me
To soothe and cheer me, I'd soon be well.

I wont contend with a tree that bends not,
Though on its tendrils rich fruit should grow;
If thou forsake me I wont upbraid thee,—
The greatest ebb tide brings fullest flow.

Gaelic words by MAC LEAN, Torlosk, Mull. Translation by HENRY WHYTE, Glasgow

6.—MO BHEANNACHD ORT, A MHAIRI—MY BLESSINGS ON THEE, MARY

KEY E♭.—*Moderato.*

Seisd. Mo bheannachd ort, a Mhàiri, A chailin chaomh nam blàth - shuil.
Chor. My blessings on thee, Mary, My bonnie blue - eyed Ma - ry:

An sir thu tuille gràidh orm, 'S mo chrìdh' gu sgàineadh cheana leis?
The love I bear my fair one Is all my heart can carry, O.

C 'arson, a bhàrda 's suain duibh?
Ciod air 'tha chlàr a' bruadar?
'S a liuthad mais' 'us buaidh 'tha
Gun ghuth orr', fuaight' ri m' leannan-sa.

Mar ghrian-ghath air uchd fairge,
Mar eal' air broilleach balbh-shruth,
Mar lilidh bheag nan tolman
Tha gilead dealbh na cailin ud.

Ged tha 'falt buidhe 'seòladh
M' a slinnein sneachd, mar òr-neul
Air gnùis grian-fheasgair òg-mhios,
Gur fada spòrs o'n ainnir ghrinn.

'S ged tha na mìlte 'g aoradh dhi,
Cha toir gin uam fhéin i;—
Bidh bàrr aig aingle 'n naomhachd,
Ach buidhnidh 'n ceutachd Mali orr

Why doth each minstrel slumber?
What can each harp encumber?
When of the sweetest numbers
Sae worthy is my Mary, O!

Like sunbeam on the ocean,
Like swan on Shira's bosom,
Like April's brightest blossom,
Sae bright is sure my Mary, O!

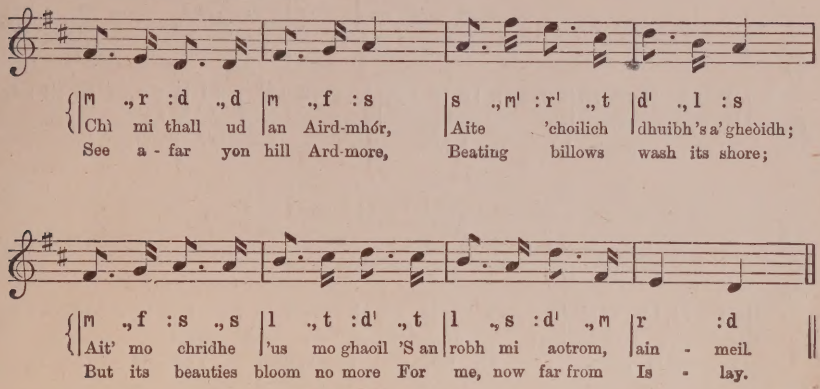
Wi' wavin' locks sae gowan
Her snowy neck surroundin',
There's naething vain or proud in
The heart o' smiling Mary, O!

Wi' thousands to adore her
She loves me only surer;—
An angel may be purer,
But not mair sweet than Mary, O!

Celic words and translation by Evan Mac Coll, the Lochfine Bard

The air is usually called "*Nighean donn an t-sùgraidh.*"

7.—MOLADH NA LANDAIDH—THE PRAISE OF ISLAY.

KEY D.—*Moderato, with expression.*

m .,r :d .,d | m .,f :s | s .,m' :r' .,t | d' .,l :s
Chì mi thall ud | an Aird-mhór, | Aite 'choilich | dhuibh 's a' gheòidh;
See a - far yon | hill Ard-more, | Beating billows | wash its shore;
m .,f :s .,s | l .,t :d' .,t | l .,s :d' .,m | r :d
Ait' mo chridhe | 'us mo ghaoil 'S an | robh mi aotrom, | ain - meil.
But its beauties | bloom no more For | me, now far from | Is - lay.

SEISD.—Hó ro Eileinich, ho gù
Hó, i rithill, hó i thù
Hó ro Eileinich, ho gù
Gu bheil mo rùn 's an Landaidh.

Ged 'tha 'n Landaidh creagach, ciar,
'S moch a dh'éireas oirre 'ghrian;
Innis nam bà-laoigh 's nam fiadh,
'S gu 'm b'e mo mhiann 'bhi thall ann.

'S 'n uair a dh' éirinn moch 's an àird
Bheirinn sgriob do cheann an t-sàil'—
Bhiodh na lachan air an t-snàmh,
'S cha b'fhada 'm bàs o m' laimh-sa.

'S tric a leag mi air a' bhruaich
Earba ghlas a' mhuineil ruaidh;
Bhiodh an liath-chearc leam a nuas
'Us coileach ruadh an dranndain.

O! mo ghaol air Ile 'n fheòir,
Far an d' fhuair mi m' àrach òg;
Far am bheil na h-uaislean còir,
Bu toil leò ceòl 'us dannsadh!

CHORUS.—O, my Island! O, my Isle!
O, my dear, my native soil!
Nought from thee my heart can wile
That's wed with love to Islay.

Though its shore is rocky, drear,
Early doth the sun appear
On leafy brake and fallow deer,
And flocks and herds in Islay.

Eagles rise on soaring wing,
Herons watch the gushing spring;
Heath-cocks, with their whirring, bring
Their own delight to Islay.

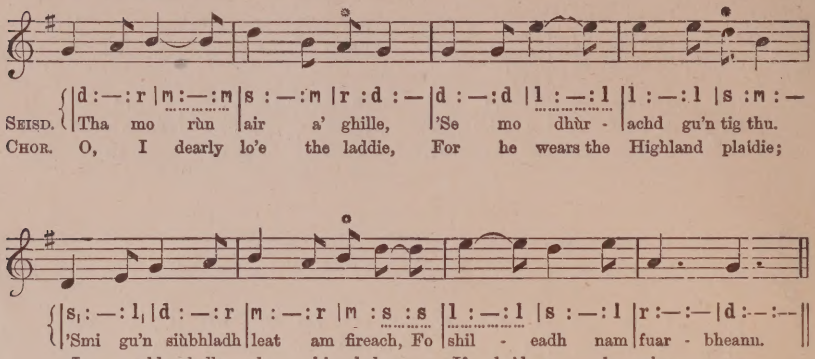
Birken branches there are gay,
Hawthorns wave their silvered spray;
Every bough the breezes sway,
Awakens joy in Islay.

Mavis sings on hazy bough,
Linnets haunt the glen below;
O, may long their wild notes flow
With melodies in Islay.

Gaelic words old. English words by the late THOMAS PATTISON, author of "GAELIC BARDS."

8.—THA MO RUN AIR A' GHILLE—I DEARLY LO'E THE LADDIE.

KEY G. *With feeling, beating twice in the measure.*


Seisd. | d : — : r | m : — : m | s : — : m | r : d : — | d : — : d | l : — : l | l : — : l | s : m : —
Tha mo rùn air a' ghille, 'Se mo dhùr - achd gu'n tig thu.
Chor. O, I dearly lo'e the laddie, For he wears the Highland plaidie;
| s, : — : l, | d : — : r | m : — : r | m : s : s | l : — : l | s : — : l | r : — : — | d : — : —
'Smi gu'n siùbhladh leat am fireach, Fo shil - eadh nam fuar - bheann.
I would gladly be his lady If he'd on - ly choose me.

Dìdhche shamhraidh dhomh 's mi'm ònar,
Na'm b' urrainn domh gu'n deanainn òran,
'S truagh a rìgh nach robh mi pòsd'
Air òigear a' chùil dualaich!

O, gur e mo chcist an t-òigear,
Fear chùil duinn 's an leadain bhòidhich;
'S mi gu'n siùbhladh leat thar m' eòlais,
Ged 'tha 'n còta ruadh ort.

Ged 'tha blàth na bric' ad aodann,
Cha do lughdaich sud mo ghaol ort;
'S mi gu'n siùbhladh leat an saogh'l,
Na'n saoilinn do bhuanachd.

Tha an Nolluig 'tigh'n as ùr oirnn'
Ged a tha gur beag mo shùrd rith';
'M fear nach fàgadh anns a' chùil mi,
Air chùl nan tonn uaine!

'S beag a shaoil mi fhéin an uiridh,
Gu'n tréigeadh tu mi cho buileach;
Mar gu'n tilgeadh craobh a duilleach,
Dh' fhàs thu umam suarach.

All alone, I'm sad and weary,
Night and day my thoughts are eeri
O, the hours are long and dreary!
While for thee I languish.

Would'st thou know my heart's devotion?
Fearless, I could cross the ocean,
Though 'twere tossed in wild commotion,
If my love were near me.

From love's dream, how sad the waking,
Why art thou me now forsaking?
O, return, my heart is breaking
With the love I bear thee!

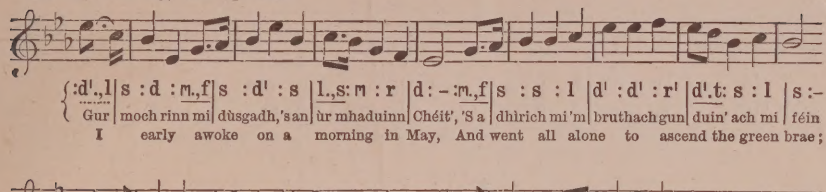
Health and strength are quickly failing,
Broken-hearted, I am wailing,
But my love afar is sailing,
And he does not hear me.

Oft indeed I proved thee clearly,
That I loved thee most sincerely,
But as trees their leaves cast yearly,
Thou hast me forsaken.

This song will be found complete in the "ORANAICHE." Owing to certain irregularities in the rhythm, the notes marked * will require to be lengthened when singing the verses.

9.—GUR MOCH RINN MI DUSGADH—I EARLY AWOKE.

KEY E♭.—*Slowly, with expression.*


:d'.,l | s :d :m.,f | s :d' :s | l.,s:m :r | d: - :m.,f | s :s :l | d' :d' :r' | d'.t: s :l | s :-
Gur moch rinn mi dùsgadh,'s an ùr mhaduinn Chéit', 'S a dhìrich mi'm bruthach gun duin' ach mi féin
I early awoke on a morning in May, And went all alone to ascend the green brae;
:m.,f | s :s :l | d':m :m | m.r :d :d | r : - :m.,f | s :d :m.,f | s :d' :s | l.,s:m :r | d: -
Tha 'ghrian air a turas a' siubhal troimh 'n speur, Dealt na h-oidhche a' tùirlinn thar ùr dhos nan geug.
The sun had set out on its heavenly way, And the cool dews of night lay on blossom and spray.

A' dìreadh an aonaich ri aodan a' chùirn,
'S binn torman a' chaochain a's aoidheala bùrn,
Le'ròis air gach taobh dheth ag aomadh fo 'n drùchd,
'S e ri deàrrsadh na gréine ag éiridh 'n a smùid.

'S binn na h-eòin feadh nam preasan gu leadarra
Tha 'n uiseag làn sòlais ri ceòl os mo chionn; ['seinn;
Na ba laoigh anns a' gheumnaich air an réithlein ud thall,
'S mac-talla nan creagan 'g am freagairt air ball.

'S àluinn trusgan a' ghlinne suas gu binnein nan stùchd; [mar thùis;
'S cùbhraidh boltrach nan luibhean 'n am chuinnein Ged 's bòidheach gach doire anns a' choillidh 's a' bhrùchd,
Ged tha 'm barrach cho ùrail cha dùisg e mo shunnd.

'An so air faobhar a' mhullaich gur muladach mi,—
Ceann-aobhair mo thuiridh leam gur duilich r' a'nns';
Nach dìrich mi tuilleadh ri munadh 's an tìr—
Nach deanmi cùis-ghàire 'n gleann àillidh mo chrìdh'.

Cha'n 'eil gleannan cho aoidheil ri 'fhaotainn mu-n cuairt,
Le d' bheanntaınean àrda 'cuir sgàth ort o'n Tuath;
Ann an dùdlachd a' ghleamhraidh gun ghreann ort, gun fhuachd; [luath.
Mo sgaradh 's mo chràdh-lot a bhi d'fhàgail cho

Ach 's tiom dhomh bhi 'g éiridh, 's bhi téurnadh o'n àird; [éigheach dhomh stàth;
Cha dean luinneagan feum dhomh, cha dean
Feuch am bàta fo 'còmhdach aig còmhnard na tràigh,
Tha gu m' ghiùlan null thairis á gleannan an àigh.

Bheir mi sùil thar a' bhealaich air na beanntan mu-n cuairt; [bruach;
So an sealadh mu dheireadh air gach gleannan 'us
A' fàgail leibh beannachd, 'n àm dealachadh uaibh,
A' téurnadh an aonaich 's iad mo smaointean tha ùruagh.

As I climb up the moor on the face of the hill,
How pleasant the murmur that comes from the rill;
The dew on the roses which border the stream,
Arises in mist on the sun's morning beam.

O sweet is the song of the birds from the glade,
The thrush sings her carol of joy o'erhead,
The cattle are lowing on yonder green plain,
And echo replies from the craggan again.

How lovely the garment of mountain and field!
How sweet is the fragrance the meadow flowers yield!—
Though beauty and gladness deck forest and lea,
And the groves team with joy, there is no joy for me.

Alone and sad-hearted I sit on the peak,
Of the cause of my sorrow I scarcely can speak—
I never may tread on the moorlands again,
Nor roam with delight on my dearly loved glen.

No valley so cheerful and fair could be found,
So cheerfully guarded by mountains around;
In winter no tempest can enter thy dell—
My sorrowful doom is to bid thee farewell.

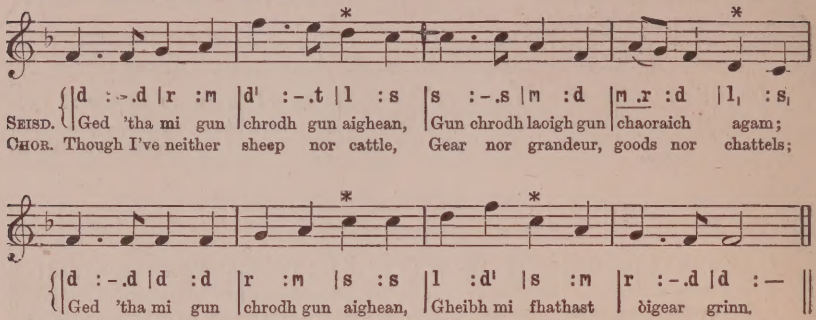
But it's time to descend from the mountain again,
No singing or sighing can banish my pain;
See, down by the shore is the boat under sail,
Which shall bear me away from the beautiful vale.

I'll gaze from this ridge on the mountains, and view
For the last time each corrie and valley I knew;
I leave you my blessing since I must depart,
I turn down the mountain, and sad is my heart.

Gaelic words by the late Dr. MAC LACHLAN, Rahoy. Translation by L. MAC BEAN.

10.—GUN CHRODH GUN AIGHEAN—THE TOCHERLESS LASS.

KEY **F.**—*Beating twice in the measure.*


Seisd. Ged 'tha mi gun chrodh gun aighean, Gun chrodh laoigh gun chaoraich agam;
Chor. Though I've neither sheep nor cattle, Gear nor grandeur, goods nor chattels;
Ged 'tha mi gun chrodh gun aighean, Gheibh mi fhathast òigear grinn.
Though I've neither sheep nor cattle, Yet a gallant true I'll find.

Fhir a dh' imicheas thar chuantan,
Giùlain mìle beannachd uamsa
Dh' ionnsaidh òigeir a' chuil dualaich,
Ged nach d'fhuair mi e dhomh fhéin.

Fhir a dh' imicheas am bealach,
Giùlain uamsa mìle beannachd;
'S fhaod 's tu ìnnseadh do mo leannan,
Mi bhi 'm laidhe so leam fhéin.

'Fhleasgaich thàinig nall a Suaineart,
Bu tu fhéin an sàr dhuin'-uasal;
Gheibhinn cadal leat gun chluasaig
Air cho fuar 's g'am biodh an oidhch'.

Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun chaoraich,
Cha 'n 'eil mi gun mhaise 'm aodann;
Dh'fhithinn breacan a bhiodh caol dhuit,
'S dheanainn aodach a bhiodh grinn.

Nàile! 's mise 'tha fo mhulad,
'Us mi tàmh 's an t-seòmar mhullaich;
An leannan bh'agamsa an uiridh,
Sann tha 'n diugh rium cùl a chinn.

Nàile! 's mis' tha dubhach, déurach,
'N seòmar àrd a fuaghal léine;
Chaidh mo leannan do *Jamaica.*
'S ciod am féum dhomh 'bhi 'g a chaoidh.

Thou that sail'st across the billow,
Tell my youth, with voice so mellow,
That I'd sleep without a pillow
Were he only by my side.

Tell him of my heart's devotion,
Which is not a brief emotion;
But a love as deep as ocean,
Which is wholly fixed on him.

You may tell my Highland laddie,
Though I'm not a titled lady,
That I'll weave a tartan plaidie
For the lad whose bride I'll be.

When I hear the tempest blowing,
Then the bitter tear comes flowing;
For my heart with love is glowing
For my own love on the sea.

Sleep and slumber I am scorning,
All in silence deeply mourning;
From the twilight till the morning
Is this bosom torn with pain.

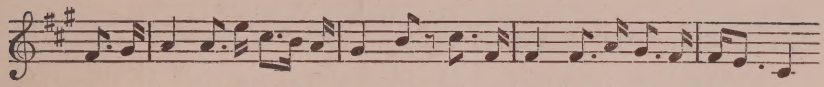
Suaineart youth, thou wert the treasure
Which I loved beyond all measure:
O, return! I'll find no pleasure
While thou art so far from me.

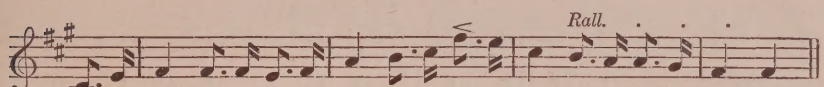
Authoress unknown. English words by "Fionn."

*To suit the accent, the notes marked * require to be lengthened when singing some of the verses.*

11.—FEAR A' BHÀTA—THE BOATMAN.

KEY A.—*Slowly, with feeling.*





SEISD. Fhir a' bhàta, na hó - ro éi - le, Fhir a' bhàta, na hó - ro éi - le.
CHORUS. O, my boatman, na hó - ro ai - la, O, my boatman, na hó - ro ai - la;

Fhir a' bhàta, na hó - ro éi - le, Mo shoraidh slàn dhuit's gach àit' an téid thu!
O my boatman, na hó - ro ai - la, May joy a - wait thee where'er thou sailest!

'S tric mi sealltuinn o'n chnoc a's àirde,
Dh'fheuch am faic mi fear a' bhàta;
An tig thu 'n diugh, na 'n tig thu màireach
'S mar tig thu idir, gur truagh a tà mi.

Tha mo chrìdh'-sa briste, brùite;
'S tric na deòir a' ruidh o m' shùilean;
An tig thu nochd, na 'm bi mo dhùil riut,
Na 'n dùin mi 'n dorus, le osna thùrsaich?

'S tric mi foighneachd do luchd nam bàta,
Am fac iad thu, na 'm bheil thu sàbhailt;
Ach 's ann a tha gach aon diubh 'g ràitinn,
Gur gòrach mise ma thug mi gràdh dhuit.

Gheall mo leannan domh gùn do 'n t-sìoda,
Gheall e sud agus breacan rìomhach;
Fainu' òir anns am faicinn 'iomhaigh;
Ach 's eagal leam gun dean e dìchuimhn'.

Ged a thu'irt iad gun robh thu aotrom,
Cha do lughdaich sud mo ghaol ort;
Bidh tu m' aisling anns an oidhche,
'Us anns a' mhadainn bidh mi 'gad fhoigneachd.

Thug mi gaol dhut, 's cha'n fhaod mi àicheadh;
Cha ghaol bliadhna, 's cha ghaol ràidhe;
Ach gaol a thòisich 'n uair bha mi m' phàisdein,
'S nach searg a chaoidh, gus an claoidh am bàs mi.

Tha mo chàirdean gu tric ag ìnnseadh,
Gum feum mi d'aogas a leig' air dìchuimhn';
Ach tha 'n comhairle dhomh cho diamhain;
'S bhi tilleadh mara 's i tabhairt lionaidh.

Bi'dh mi tuille tùrsach, dèurach,
Mar eala bhàn 's i an déighs a réubadh;
Guileag bàis aic' air lochan féurach,
'Us cach gu léir an déis a tréigeadh.

I climb the mountain and scan the ocean,
For thee, my boatman, with fond devotion:
When shall I see thee? to-day? to-morrow?
Oh! do not leave me in lonely sorrow.

Broken-hearted, I droop and languish,
And frequent tears show my bosom's anguish:
Shall I expect thee to-night to cheer me?
Or close the door, sighing, sad and weary?

From passing boatmen I'd fain discover
If they have heard of or seen my lover;
They never tell me—I'm only chided,
And told my heart has been sore misguided.

My lover promised to bring his lady
A silken gown and a tartan plaidie,
A ring of gold which would show his semblance;
But, ah! I fear me for his remembrance.

That thou'rt a rover my friends have told me,
But not the less to my heart I hold thee;
And every night in my dream I see thee,
And still at dawn will the vision flee me.

I may not hide it—my heart's devotion
Is not a season's brief emotion;
Thy love in childhood began to seize me,
And ne'er shall fade until death release me.

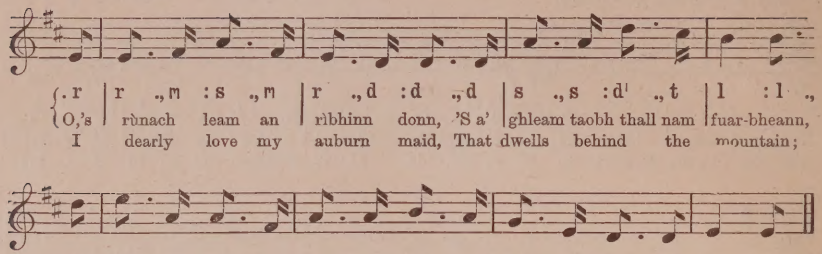
My friends oft tell me that I must sever
All thoughts of thee from my heart for ever;
Their words are idle—my passions, swelling,
Untamed as ocean, can brook no quelling.

My heart is weary with ceaseless wailing,
Like wounded swan when her strength is failing;
Her notes of anguish the lake awaken,
By all her comrades at last forsaken.

Authoress unknown. Translation by L. MACBEAN.

12.—AN RIBHINN DONN—THE AUBURN MAID.

KEY D.—*Lively.*


O,'s rùnach leam an rìbhinn donn, 'S a' ghleam taobh thall nam fuar-bheann,
I dearly love my auburn maid, That dwells behind the mountain;
'San fheasgar chiùin théid mi le m' rùn Gu doire dlùth nam fuaran.
At eve I'll meet her in the glade, To roam by dell and fountain.

Mo sheang-choin-seilg tha 'n garbhlach fhiadh,
'S mo chridhe cian tha 'n còmhnuidh
'S a' ghleann 's an éisd mo Mhàiri ghrinn
Ri ceilear binn na smeòraich.

Tha eòin an t-sléibh air sgéith mu 'n cuairt,
'S cha dùisg iad fuaim mo làmhaich,
'Us mis' am pràmh 'an sgàth nam bruach.
'S mo smaoin mu 'n ghruagaich ghràdhaich.

'S i 's aotruim' ceum 's a's deàrsaich' sùil,
'S a gàir' tha ciùin 'us caoimhneil,
'S a guth tha dhòmhs' mar shòlas ciùil
'S mi 'falbh nan stùchd 's an oidhche.

'S e 'caoin-fhalt fainneach 's àillidh sgèimh,
'S a bràighe 's gle-gheal, bòidhche,
Fo osna 'cléibh ag éiridh sèimh,
Mar fhaoilinn bhàin air Lòchaidh.

A cridhe caomhail 's aotrom sunnd,
Mar mhang aig sùrd an réidhlean;
Ach caomh 'us tlàth mar bhlàth fo dhriùchd,
'Am maise chiùin a' Chéitein.

Mo rìbhinn ghràidh a's àillidh sgiamh
'S tu 's araidh beus 's a's bòidhche,
'S a' mhaise dh' fhàs air gràdh nan ceud
Cha tréig thu 'n Inbhear-Lòchaidh.

Ged gheib nn lu-chuirt, 's crùn an Rìgh,
A d'-iùnnais dhiobrainn còir orr':
'S mo bhean 's mo bhàn-righ bheirinn i
Gu tuine 'n tìr nam mòr-bheann.

Though here, with hounds, I chase the deer,
Where streamlets bright meander,
To yonder glen, where dwells my dear,
My thoughts will ever wander.

The birds that round about me fly,
Pour forth their notes of gladness;
While here alone I sit and sigh
In sorrow and in sadness.

Her step is light, her eye is bright,
Her smile is sweet and tender;
Her voice, like music in the night,
Oft cheers me to remember.

Her hair around her shoulders flows
With graceful waving motion;
Her snow-white bosom heaving goes,
Like sea-gull on the ocean.

Her heart, though light, is ever true,
Of Nature's own adorning;
Her lips like roses, wet with dew,
Upon a Summer morning.

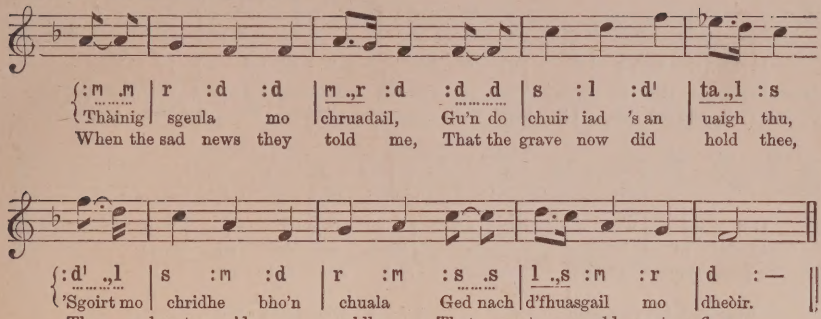
By all thy beauty is confessed,
In form thou'rt like a fairy,
Were I of all the world possessed,
I would not leave my Mary.

Though I a palace did receive,
And were with riches laden—
I'd have thee for my queen, believe,
My own sweet Auburn Maiden.

Gaelic words by Mr A. MACINTYRE. Translation by "FIONN."

13.—TUIREADH—LAMENT.

KEY F.—*Slowly, with much feeling.*


:m .m | r :d :d | m .r :d | :d .d | s :l :d' | ta .l :s
Thàinig sgeula mo chruadail, Gu'n do chuir iad 's an uaigh thu,
When the sad news they told me, That the grave now did hold thee,
:d' .l | s :m :d | r :m | :s .s | l .s :m :r | d :—
'Sgoirt mo chridhe bho'n chuala Ged nach d'fhuasgail mo dheòir.
Then my heart wax'd so coldly, That my tears would not flow.

Tha do leaba lom, fuaraidh;
'S trom do chodal, 's ro bhuan e;
Chaoidh cha'n éisd thu ri m' luaidh-se,
'S cha ghluais thu ri m' cheòl.

Bha do ghluasad gun eucoir,
Gun uireasbhuidh céille;
Leam bu taitneach 'bhi 'g éisdeachd
Ri séisde do bheòil.

Tha do bheul a nis dùinte;
Cha'n 'eil léirsinn 'na d' shùilibh,—
'S fuar an cridhe 'bha mùirneach,
Anns an ùir, 's e gun deò.

Mar bhuanaich am bàs thu
Seach na dillsean 'tha làthair,
Cinnidh feanntag 's a' ghàradh
'N uair thig fàilinn 's an ròs.

Chuir thu mise gu smaointinn,
Nach innis mi 'dhaoine;
'S mairg 'chuir ùigh anns an t-saoghal,—
'S iomadh caochladh 'teachd oirnn.

Ged tha càirdean gu deurach,
'S faoin an cumha leam féin e;
'Théid gu cuirm 'us cùirt éibhneis
'Giùlan éididh a' bhròin.

Ged tha m' éideadh gun mhùthadh,
'S mi gun deur air mo shùilibh,
Gus an cuir iad 's an ùir mi
Bidh mi 'd ionndrainn ri m' bheò;

Chionn bu toil leam an nìonag,
Bu ro-thoil leam an nìonag:
Mo sgeul dubhach 'g a ìnnseadh
Thu bhi 'd shìneadh fo 'n fhòid.

Thy lone bed the sod cumbers,
Deep and lasting thy slumbers;
Thou'lt no more list my numbers,
Nor respond to my lay.

Ever faultless thy bearing.
Thy graces modest wearing;
To me 'twas rapture hearing
Whate'er thou didst say.

Closed thy lips with weird sealing,
Thy eyes no light revealing;
Thy heart, once warm with feeling,
Lies cold in the clay.

Death has seized thee with daring,
Thy boon companions sparing;
Thus grow weeds without caring,
Where the rose fades away.

Thou hast caused me strange musing
To reveal it—refusing;
Who can trust in his choosing,
When mutation holds sway?

Thy friends in garbs of sorrow,
Midst festal scenes may borrow
Relief, from grief less thorough
Than that resting on me.

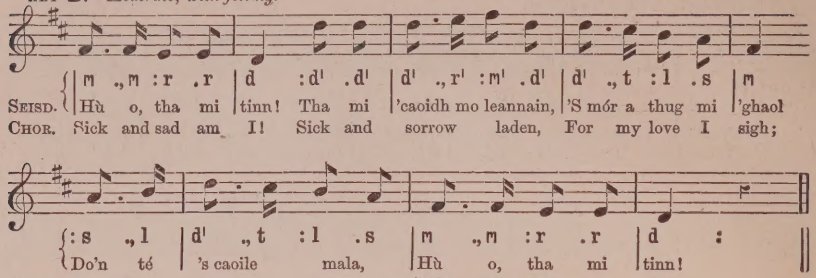
Though no badge shows my mourning,
And no tear my eye burning;
Till to dust I'm returning,
I will sorely miss thee.

Since I lov'd thee, dear maiden,
Lov'd thee fervent, dear maiden;
I'll rehearse with grief laden
That the sod covers thee.

Gaelic words by the late Dr. MACLACHLAN, Rahoy. Translation by J. MACDONALD, Glasgow

14.—ORAN MULAID—A SONG OF GRIEF.

KEY D.—*Moderato, with feeling.*


Seisd. Hù o, tha mi tinn! Tha mi 'caoidh mo leannain, 'S mór a thug mi 'ghaol
Chor. Sick and sad am I! Sick and sorrow laden, For my love I sigh;
Do'n té 's caoile mala, Hù o, tha mi tinn!
For my dearest maiden, Sick and sad am I!

Thar gach té fo'n ghréin
Thug mi spéis do m' chailin;
Nis o'n fhuair i bàs,
'Chaoidh cha'n, fhàs mi fallain,—
Hù o, tha mi tinn!

Bha thu màlda còir,
Suairce, òrdail, banail;
Nàdur fialaidh, ciùin—
Oiteag chùbhraidh d'anail.
Hù o, tha mi tinn!

Ortsa bha gach buaidh,
Bha thu uasal dreachmhor;
B' àluinn thigeadh ceòl
A' d' bheul bòidheach, meachar.
Hù o, tha mi tinn!

Anns a' chòisir bhinn,
'N àm bhi seinn nan luinneag,
Thug thu bàrr gu léir
Air na ceuda cruinneag.
Hù o, tha mi tinn!

Chuir iad thu 's an ùir,
Socair, ciùin ad laidhe;
'S mis' cha 'n fhaic mo rùn,
Gus an dùisg mi 'n Flaitheas.
Hù o, tha mi tinn!

Bhithinn-se le m' luaidh
Taobh nam bruach 's nan gleannan,
Tha i nis 's an uaigh—
O, cha ghluais mo leannan!
Hù o, tha mi tinn!

Dhòmh-sa bha mo rùn
Mar reult-iùil mo bheatha;
Thug mi dhi mo ghràdh,
'S dh' fhalbh mo shlàinte leatha.
Hù o, tha mi tinn!

Dh' fhalbh mo leannan féin,
'S tha mi deurach, dubhach,
Tha mi 'triall na 'ceum,
Ciod am feum bhi fuireach?
Hù o, tha mi tinn!

Over every maid
Did I fondly love her;
Now she's lowly laid,
I shall ne'er recover.
Sick and sad am I!

In my love combined
Every gift that pleases—
Modest, sweet and kind;
Breath like fragrant breezes.
Sick and sad am I!

Every grace abode
On my best and fairest;
Mellow music flowed
From her lips the rarest.
Sick and sad am I!

In the tuneful choir,
When sweet strains were ringing,
Nought could I admire
Save my darling's singing.
Sick and sad am I!

Silent in the mould,
Thou thy sleep art taking,
Ne'er may I behold
Thee until thy waking.
Sick and sad am I!

Often did we stray
By each brae and river;
Now she rests for aye—
Motionless for ever!
Sick and sad am I!

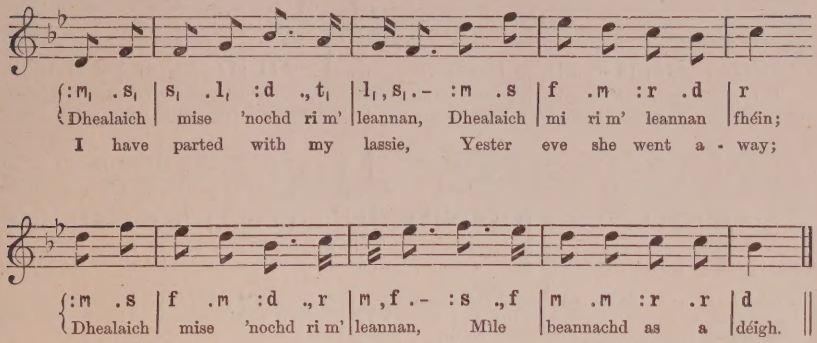
Life's bright star she shone,
Shone to cheer and guide me;
I must drift alone—
Now death's shadows hide thee.
Sick and sad am I!

Naught can ease my pain;
Now she is departed,
Why should I remain,
Sick and broken-hearted;
Sick and sad am I!

Chorus old; Gaelic verses added by "FIONN." Translation by L. MACBEAN.

15.—DEALACHADH LEANNAIN—A LOVER'S PARTING.

KEY B♭.—*Moderato.*


:m, .s, | s, .l, :d .,t, | l, ,s, .- :m .s | f .m :r .d | r
Dhealaich | mise 'nochd ri m' | leannan, Dhealaich | mi ri m' leannan | fhéin;
I have parted with my lassie, Yester eve she went a - way;
:m .s | f .m :d .,r | m ,f .- :s .,f | m .m :r .r | d
Dhealaich | mise 'nochd ri m' | leannan, Mîle | beannachd as a | déigh.
Sad I parted with my lassie, Heaven's blessing with her stay.

Och mo thruaigh, cha d'fhuair mi fanachd
Leis a' chaileag 'mheal gach buaidh,
Theich an uair air sgiath na cabhaig'
'S b' fheudar dealachadh ri m' luaidh.

Ceart mar thriallas sgàil an tanaisg
No mar dhealan anns an speur,
'S ann mar sin a chaill mi sealladh
Air an ainnir 'fhuair mo spéis.

Bho'n a chuir mi fhéin ort aithne,
Bha thu beusach, banail, ciùin;
'Chaoidh cha 'n fhaic mo shùil air thalamh,
Té cho airidh air gach cliù.

Blàth-shuil chaoin a's caoile mala,
Cuailean mìn nan camag' donn;
Deud gheal, ghrinn fo bhilean tana,
Cneas mar eala bhàn nan tonn.

Cha téid mise 'chùirt nan gallan,
Cha'n 'eil aighear dhomh fo 'n ghréin,
'S ann a bhios mo chrìdh' fo smalan
Gus an till mo leannan fhéin.

I had scarce exchanged the greeting
Of the maid I loved so well,
For the moments quickly fleeting
Made us breathe a sad "farewell."

With a vision's rapid motion,
Or like lightning in the sky,
Fled the dream of my devotion,
Leaving me to weep and sigh.

Since I knew thee, dearest maiden,
Thou wast faithful, kind, and free;
Now I'm sad and sorrow-laden,
For thy like I ne'er shall see.

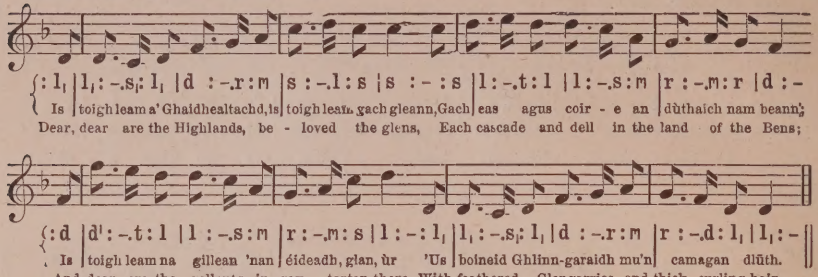
Auburn nymph, so blithe and merry,
Would that I could see thee now;
Cheeks that vie with rowan-berry,
White as snow thy gentle brow.

Nought on earth can give me pleasure,
Mirth and music cause me pain;
Never, till I see my treasure,
Shall I be myself again.

From "FIONN'S" "*Celtic Garland.*"

16.—IS TOIGH LEAM A' GHAIDHEALTACHD—I LOVE THE HIGHLANDS.

KEY F.—*Beating twice in the Measure.*


Is toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd, Is toigh leam gach gleann, Gach eas agus coir - e an dùthaich nam beann;
Dear, dear are the Highlands, be - loved the glens, Each cascade and dell in the land of the Bens;
Is toigh leam na gillean 'nan éideadh, glan, ùr 'Us boineid Ghlinn-garaidh mu'n camagan dlùth.
And dear are the gallants in gay tartan there, With feathered Glengarries and thick curling hair.

Is toigh leam 'n an deis' iad o'm mullach gu'm bonn,
Am breacan, an t-osan, an sporan 's an lann;
Is toigh leam iad sgeadaicht' an éideadh an tìr,
Ach 's suarach an deise seach seasmhachd an crìdh'.

Sheas iad an dùthaich 's gach cùis agus cās,
Duais-bhrathaidh cha ghabhadh ged chuirt' iad gu bàs;
'S ged shàrraicht' an spoirad 's ged leigte an ceann,
Bha 'n cridhe cho daingeann ri carraig nam beann.

Is toigh leam na h-ìgh'nagan 's b' ainneamh an t-am
Nach bithinn 'n an cuideachd 'n uair ghleobhainn bhi ann,
'S na 'm faighinn-se té dhiubh a dùthaich mo chrìdh',
Gu'n siùbhlainn-se leatha gu iomall gach tìr.

Is toigh leam a' Ghàidhlig 's bàrdachd 's a ceòl,
Is tric thog i nìos sinn 'n uair bhiodhmaid fo leòn,
'S i dh'ionnsaich sinn trà' ann an làithean ar n-òig,
'S nach fàg sinn gu bràth gus an laidh sinn fo'n fhòid.

Nis tha dùthaich ar gaoil dol fo chaoirich's fo fhéidh,
Sinn ga'r fuadach thar sàile mar bhàrrlach gun fheum;
Ach thigeadh an cruaidh-chas, 's có sheasas an stoirm?
O, có ach na balaich le 'm boineidean gorm!

Canar an gaisge 's an domhan mu'n cuairt,
Air sgiathaibh na gaoithe ga sgaoileadh thar chuan,
'Us fhad' 's a bhios rioghachd na seasamh air fonn,
Bidh cuimhne gu dìlinn air euchdan nan sonn.

'S ma rùisgear an claidheamh a rithist gu strìth,
Ged 's ainneamh ar cuideachd, bidh trusadh 'n ar tìr;
Bidh clanna nan Gàidheal ri aghaidh gach cās,
'S iad guallainn ri guallainn, gu buaidh no gu bās.

To me, dear are they; clad from the heel to the head,
With hose and with sporan, with sword and with plaid;
Light and graceful they glide, in the Highland garb dressed—
But poor is their garb to the warmth of their breast.

They stood by their country when perils pressed hard,
And, urged to the death, scorned the traitor's reward;
Though their vexed spirits bend to oppression's rude shocks,
Yet stout are their hearts as their own mountain rocks.

And dear are the maidens, so handsome and fair;
In their smiles oft I sought to soothe sorrow and care;
With a bride by my side, from my own Highland home,
Light-hearted and free o'er the world I would roam.

And dear is the Gaelic—its music and song
Oft cheered our sad hearts, wrung by grief or by wrong;
The accents we lisped, as in childhood we strayed,
Shall ne'er be forgot till in dust we are laid.

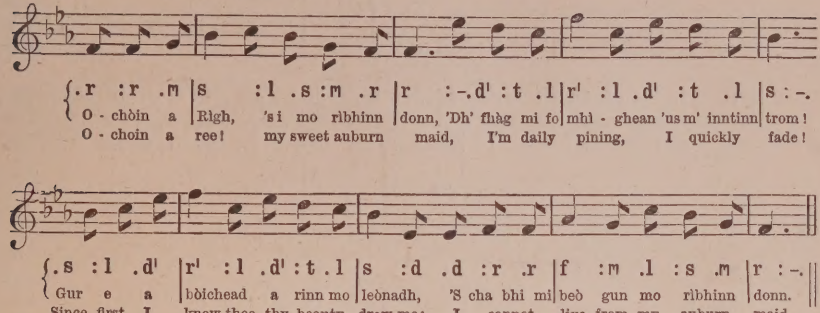
O'er our country beloved now the red deer bound free,
While useless o'er ocean wide scattered are we;
But should battle-storms threaten, who then shall stand true?
O, then for the boys in the bonnets of blue!

Of their might the renown shall be spread to the pole,
On the wingèd wind sped where the foam-billows roll;
And while o'er the earth's bosom a banner shall wave,
Rememberd shall still be the deeds of the brave.

And if ever for battle unsheathed be the sword,
Though scant now the numbers our musters afford,
Still the sons of the Gael shall in danger be nigh,
And, shoulder to shoulder, shall conquer or die.

Gaelic words by JOHN CAMPBELL, Ledaig. Translation by FINDLAY MACRAE, M.A., Glasgow.

17.—AN RIBHINN ALUINN—THE CHARMING MAIDEN.

KEY E♭. *Moderato, with expression.*

.r :r .m | s :l .s :m .r | r :-.d' :t .l | r' :l .d' :t .l | s :-.
O - chòin a | Rìgh, 'si mo rìbhinn | donn, 'Dh' fhàg mi fo | mhì - ghean 'us m' inntinn | trom!
O - choin a | ree! my sweet auburn | maid, I'm daily pining, | I quickly fade!
.s :l .d' | r' :l .d' :t .l | s :d .d :r .r | f :m .l :s .m | r :-.
Gur e a | bòichead a rinn mo | leònadh, 'S cha bhi mi | beò gun mo rìbhinn | donn.
Since first I | knew thee thy beauty | drew me; I cannot | live from my auburn | maid.

Is truagh an dràsda nach robh mi 'm bhàrd
A ghleusadh clàrsach 's a sheinneadh dàn,
'S gu 'n innsinn buadhan
Na maighdinn uasail,
Mu 'bheil mo smuaintean gach oidhche 's là.

Is tric a bha mi mu luidhe gréin'
Le m' nighеanaig àluinn fo sgàil nan geug,
Sinn ri sùgradh
Fo'n bharrach chùbhraidh,
Ach 's cianail tùrsach mi 'n diugh na déigh.

'N uair thig an Céitean do ghleann an fhraoich
Gu 'n toir e fàs air gach blàth-lus raoin,
'Us gheibh mi samhladh
An sin do m' annsachd,
Am fiùran greannar a dh' fhàs cho caoin.

Mar chanach mòintich tha cneas mo luaidh,
Dearg mar chaorunn tha dreach a gruaidh,
A beus 's a nàdur
Mar neònain màlda,
No sóbhrag 'dh' fhàsas fo sgàil nam bruach.

Gur bòidheach, dualach an cuailean mìn
A th' air a' ghruagaich a bhuair mo chrìdh',
Gur binne 'còmhradh
Na guth na smeòraich;
'S tha mise brònach o'n 'dh 'fhàg i mi.

'N uair 'chì mi 'n iarmailt aig ciaradh là,
Gu'n iarr mo shùil-sa reul-iùil an àigh,
A's grinne soillse,
'S a's caoine baoisge;
Mar sud bha 'mhaighdean a rinn mo chràdh.

Ged 'tha mo ghrian-sa a' triall fo sgleò,
'Us mise 'm bliadhna mar ian 's a' cheò,
Togaidh 'n sgàile
'S ni ise deàrsadh,
'S gu 'm faigh mi slàinte gach là ri m' bheò.

Were I a bard I would tune the lay,
And raise a song to my maiden gay;
In accents tender
Her praise I'd render;
'T would be my burthen both night and day.

How oft at gloaming we loved to stray
In yonder green-wood 'neath budding spray,
And heard the chorus
Of songsters o'er us;
But now, alas! thou art far away.

When Spring returns to the heather dell,
And flowers awake by its fairy spell,
I'll there find semblance,
And fond remembrance,
Of that sweet flowret I love so well.

Like moorland canach my love is fair,
Her cheeks like rowans when ripe and rare;
My modest daisy,
I'll ever praise thee;
To dainty primrose I'll thee compare.

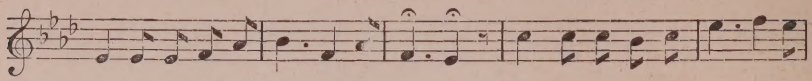
Like sunbeams dancing thy ringlets play;
Thy countless charms stole my heart away;
If I were near thee
Thy voice would cheer me,—
Wilt thou be absent, sweet love, for aye?

When twilight closes I view the sky;
The guiding star soon attracts my eye,
Its beams excelling,
All clouds dispelling;
Such was the Venus for whom I sigh.

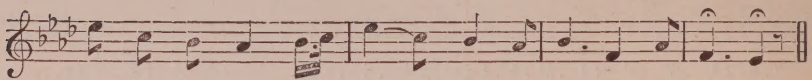
My guiding-star now is hid away,
And like a bird in a cloud I stray;
Soon reappearing,
The clouds fast clearing,
Her beams shall cheer me on life's dark way.

Gaelic Words and Translation by "FIONN." The Air is known as "*Mo Mhàiri Bhàn.*"

18.—MO NIGHEAN CHRUINN, DONN—MY NEAT AUBURN MAID.

KEY A♭. *With feeling, beating twice in the measure.*

Dh' fhalbh mo nighean chruinn, donn, Uam, do 'n Iùr - aidh; Dh' fhaldh mo nighean chruinn, donn, Cneas mar

Since my loved one has gone I am dreary! Since my loved one has gone, Who was



eal' air bhàrr thonn, Och 'us och! mo nighean donn, 'Dh' fhàg mi- shùnnd orm.

pure as the swan, Here I'm sigh - ing all a - lone, Sad and weary!

'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo ghaol
Ann an gleann cùbhraidh;
'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo ghaol
Ri h-uisg' ann's ri gaoith;
'S fo shileadh nan craobh
Bhitheamaid sùnndach.

Nam biodh agamsa spréidh
Bhithinn glé chùirteil,
Nam biodh agamsa spréidh
Feadh bheann 'us feadh shléibh,
B' ùr a gheibhinn thu féin,
'S cha bu chéil' ùmpaidh

Ged tha thusa an dràsd'
Ann an gleann Iùraidh,
Ged tha thus' ann an tàmh,
Tha d' aigne fo phràmh,
Agus mise gun stàth,
Le do ghràdh ciùrrta.

Beir mo shoraidh le gràdh
Uam do 'n Iùraidh;
Beir mo shoraidh le gràdh
Dh' fhios na h-òigh rinn mo chràdh;
'S o'n nach math leath' mar thà
Tha i féin tiùrsach.

Cha 'n 'eil aice mar chéil'
Ach am fior ùmpaidh,
Cha 'n 'eil aice mar chéil',
Ach sean bhodach gun spéis,
'S e mar ghearran o fhéill—
Doirbh, breun, brùideil!

Were I now with my love,
Freely roaming;
Were I now with my love,
'Neath the shade of the grove,
To hear the cooing dove
In the gloaming.

Had I sheep on the hill
I might woo thee;
Had I sheep on the hill,
By each fountain and rill,
Then of thine own free will
Thou would'st choose me.

Thou art now far away
In Glen Iuray;
Thou art now far away,—
Sad by night and by day,—
While here I pine alway,
Naught can cure me!

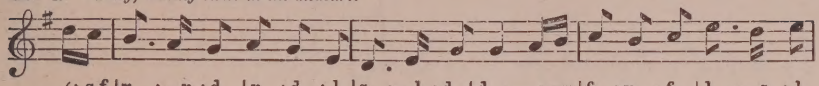
Bear my love to the maid,
Once so cheerful;
Bear my love to the maid,
Whom I'll never upbraid,
For now she's lowly laid,
Sad and tearful.

'Tis an old carl, I hear,
Wooed my maiden;
'Tis an old carl, I hear,
With his gold and his gear;
And now he's left my dear,
Sorrow-laden.

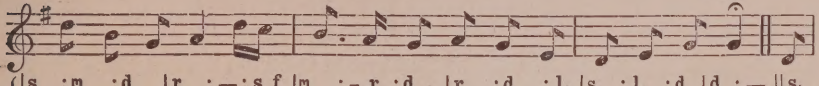
Gaelic Words old. Translation by "FIONN."

19—A' CHUAIRT-SHAMHRAIDH—THE SUMMER RAMBLE.

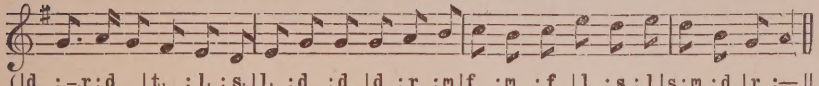
KEY G. *Gaily, beating twice in the measure.*


: s.f | m : -.r : d | r : d : l1 | s1 : -.l1 : d | d : — : r.m | f : m : f | l : -.s : l
SEISD. Hug óro, mo leannan, thig mar-rium air chuairt, Do dh-ùr-choill' a' bharraich 'san
CHORUS. Oh come now, my darling, alone let us stray, For the notes of the cuckoo are

FINE.


s : m : d | r : — : s.f | m : -.r : d | r : d : l1 | s1 : l1 : d | d : — | s1
tathaich a' chuach; Hug óro, mo leannan, thig mar-rium air chuairt! Tha
heard from the spray; Oh come then, my darling, no longer delay! The

D.C. FOR CHORUS.


d : -.r : d | t1 : l1 : s1 | l1 : d : d | d : r : m | f : m : f | l : s : l | s : m : d | r : —
gruaman a' gheamhraidh Air fàgail nam beannta, 'Se 'sruth anns gach alldan 'Na dheann-ruith anuas.
bright sun from heaven The winter has driven, And freedom's been given The streamlets to play.

Tha aodann nan sléibhtean
A deàrsadh gu ceutach;
'S na lusana peucach
Ag éirigh le buaidh.
Hug óro, &c.

Tha samhradh an òr-chuil
A' riaghladh le mòr-chuis,
'S an saoghal ri sòlas
Gu 'n d' fhògair e 'm fuachd.

Na h-eòin's iad ri coireal
Feadh ghrianan na coille,
'S na sòbhraichean soilleir
'Cur loinn' air gach bruaich.

Tha 'ghrian feadh nan glacagan
Gormanach, fasgach,
'S gu 'm b'aoibhinn bhi leatsa,
A' dearc' air an snuadh!

'S do shnuadh féin cho greanmhor
Ri gàire an t-samhraidh
Feadh fhlùran a' dannsadh
'S na gleannta mu 'n cuairt!

O! tiugainn, a leannain,
Do choille nam meangan,
'S gu 'n ùraich sinn gealladh
'Bhi tairis gu buan.

The hills are resuming
Their beauty and blooming,
With flowers perfuming
The glad summer day.
Oh! come now, &c,

Dark winter is waning,
Bright summer is reigning,
The world is regaining
Its beauty in May.

The wild woods are ringing
With birds sweetly singing,
Where dew-drops are clinging
To flowret and spray.

The sunshine entrances
My heart when it dances,
And glimmers and glances,
Through greenwood so gay.

Though sweet be the flowers,
Refreshed by the showers,
In yonder green bowers
Thou 'rt fairer than they.

Where ring-doves are cooing
Come list to my wooing,
My love-vows renewing—
To bind me for aye.

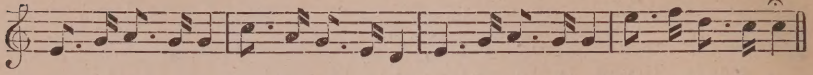
Gaelic Words by the late JAMES MUNRO. English words by "FIONN."

This air is known as "'S i sud an deoch mhilis."

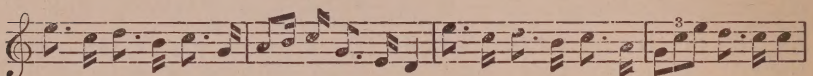
20—SEONAID A' CHUIL REIDH—JESSIE I LOVED WELL.

KEY C. *Moderato.*

FINE.

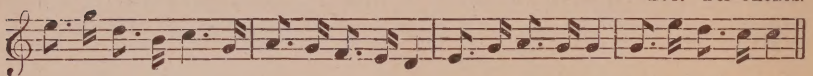


SEISD. | m .,s : l .,s : s | d' .,l : s .,m : r | m .,s : l .,s : s | m' .,f' : r' .,d' : d' ||
Dh'fhàgadh mi fo bhròn O'n a phòs an té, Air an robh mi'n tòir, Seònaid a' chùil réidh.
CHORUS. Sad indeed am I, Who my grief can tell? For my love I sigh, Jessie I loved well.



| m' .,d' : r' .,t : d' .,s | l .t ,d' : s .,m : r | m' .,d' : r' .,t : d' .,l | s .d' ,m' : r' .,d' : d' |
Chaidh mi'n dé 'na còdhail, 'S bhòidich i bhi 'm réir "Chaoidh nan caoidh cha phòs mi Oigear ach thu féin."
Yester eve when roving By the river side; Jessie fondly told me, "I will be your bride."

D.C. FOR CHORUS.



| m' .,s' : r' .,t : d' .,s | l .,s : f .,m : r | m .,s : l .,s : s | s .,m' : r' .,d' : d' ||
Ach 'n uair chaidh i dhachaidh (Bean na gaise bréig!) Bhris i air a bòid, Chòrd i ri fear spréidh.
But my faithless charmer, Ere the dawn of day, To a wealthy farmer Gave her heart away.

'S trom a dh' fhàg i m' inntinn,
'S fonn mo chrìdh' gun ghleus,
Chionn a' bheairt a rinn i,
'S nach do thoill mi beud;
Thug mi gaol mo chrìdh' dhi
'S dhìbhir i mo spéis;
Bhris i air a bòid,
'S chòrd i ri fear spréidh.

'S gòrach fear 'bheir gaol
Do mhnaoi a ta fo'n ghréin,
'S iad cho carach, luaineach
Ri gaoith-chuairt nan speur!
'S dearbh gur fior an ailis
Air mo leannan bréig'
Bhris i air a bòid
Phòs i am fear spréidh.

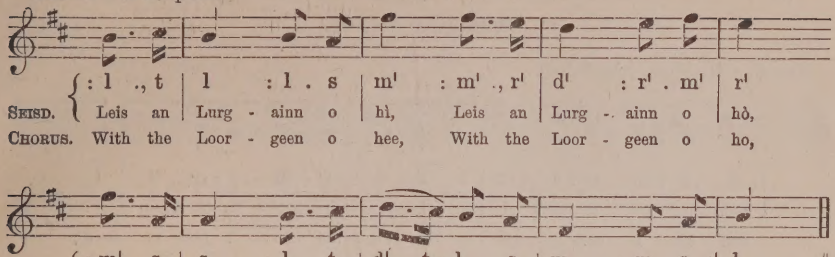
O, my heart is weary,
Sad and full of woe;
Now my days are dreary,
Since she used me so;
Much I loved my charmer,
But her love grew cold,
And a wealthy farmer
Bought her heart with gold.

At my fate take warning,
Bearing this in mind,—
Woman's heart is fickle,
Changeful as the wind.
Think upon my charmer.
Faithless, false, and bold,
Married to a farmer
For his land and gold.

Gaelic Words from Munroe's "FILIDH." Translation from "The CELTIC GARLAND."
The air is known as "Alasdair nan stòp."

21.—LEIS AN LURGAINN—A BOAT SONG.

KEY D.—*With spirit.*


: l ., t | l : l . s | m' : m' ., r' | d' : r' . m' | r'
SEISD. Leis an Lurg - ainn o hì, Leis an Lurg - ainn o hò,
CHORUS. With the Loor - geen o hee, With the Loor - geen o ho,
: m' ., s | s : l ., t | d' ., t : l . s | m : m . s | l
Beul an ana - moich o hì, 'S fheudar falbh le 'cuid seòl.
In the gray dusk of eve, O'er the waves let us go.

An Cuan Eirinn o hì,
Muir ag éirigh o hò,
Cha bu léir dhuinn o hì,
Nì fo 'n ghréin ach na neòil.

Seachad Ile o hì,
'M beul na h-oidhche o hò,
Las sinn coinnlean o hì,
'S chuir sinn combaist air dòigh.

Seachad Aros o hì,
Bha i gàbhaidh o hò,
'N fhairge làidir o hì,
Suas gu bàrr a' chroinn-sgòid.

Thuirt an sgiobair o hì,
Ri chuid ghillean o hò,
"Glacaibh misneach o hì,
'S deanaibh dichioll, a sheòid.

"Mar bu nòs dhuibh o hì,
Seasaibh dileas o hò,
'Bheil e coltach o hì,
Gu 'n tig dosgainn 'n ar còir?

"'Suas a h-aodach o hì,
Ri 'croinn chaola o hò,
'Snàmh cho aotrom o hì,
Ris an fhaoilinn air lòn.

"Muir 'ga bualadh o hì,
Taobh an fhuaraidh o hò,
Bith'dh sinn buadhar o hì,
'S gillean uallach air bòrd."

On the ocean, o hee,
Waves in motion, o ho,
Naught but clouds could we see
O'er the blue sea below.

Islay looming, o hee,
In the gloaming, o ho,
Our ship's compass set we,
And our lights we did show.

Aros passing, o hee,
'Twas harassing, o ho,
The strong billows to see
High as masthead to flow.

Skipper bellows, o hee,
To his fellows, o ho,
"Steady! courage take ye
Though a tempest should blow.

"Lock a-head, mates, o hee,
Without dread, mates, o ho,
Those that danger would flee,
Let them sneak down below.

"Crowd her sails on, o hee,
And though gales come, o ho,
Light as sea-gull will she
O'er the heaving waves go.

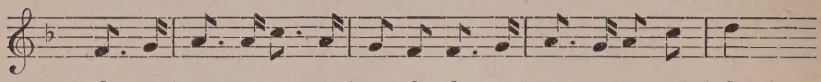
"Billows lashing, o hee,
Waters crashing, o ho,
Without blenching we see
There be stout hearts on board."

Gaelic words from SINCLAIR'S "ORANAICHE." Translation by MR. M. MACFARLANE, Paisley.

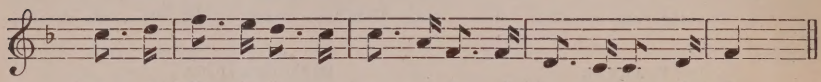
22.—SOIRIDH!—FAREWELL!

(Le òganach a fàgail an eilean 's an d' rugadh e—Written by a young Gael when leaving his native isle.)

KEY F.—*Moderato, with feeling.*



{:	d	,r	m	.,m:	s	.,m	r	.d:	d	.,r	m	.,r:	m	.s	l
	Och	nan	och	na	bheil	air	m'	aire!	'S	truagh a	nochd	na	bheil	'am	dhìth!
	Sad	am	I	and	sor -	row -	lad -	en,	For	the	maid	I	love	so	well;



{:	s	.,l	d'	.,t:	l	.,s	s	.,m:	d	.,d	l_1	.,s_1:	s_1	.,l_1	d
	Sud	e	rìgh,	gur	mór	mo	ghaol	ort,	Ged	nach	fhaod	mi	bhi	'ga	inns'.
	I	a -	dore	thee,	dear -	est	maid -	en,	But	my	thoughts	I	dare	not	tell.

Tha mi 'g ionndrainn, 'us cha 'n àicheadh
Mi 'n té bhàn a bha 's an fhrìth;
An déigh dhomh 'buachailleachd 's a h-àrach,
'S eagal leam gu'n d'fhàg i mi.

A Bheinn-bhreac nan creachann àrda,
'S tric a shàruich thusa mi;
Ach tha mi 'm bliadhna dol ga d' fhàgail—
Soiridh slân leat gus an till.

Cha 'n 'eil cnoc no glac a'd aodann,
Coire fraoich a bhos no shios,
Nach 'eil a' cuimhneach iomadh rud dhomh,
Ged nach fhaod mi bhi ga inns'.

Soiridh leis gach beinn 'us fireach—
A' bheinn o'm mithich dhomh 'bhi triall',
Guidheam fada féidh a'd ghlacaibh;
B'e bhi 'n taice riut mo mhiann.

Why deny my heart is rending
For the fair one of the lea;
After all my careful tending,
She has now forsaken me.

Ben of peaks the clouds that sever,
Oft thy steeps have wearied me;
Must I leave thy shade for ever?
Then farewell, farewell to thee!

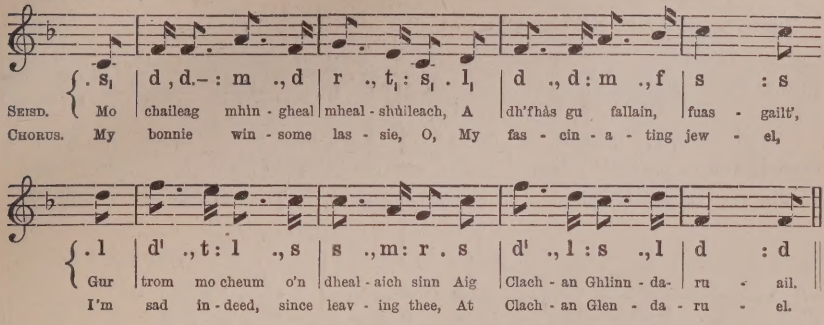
Every corrie, crag, and hollow,
Heath'ry brae and flowery dell,
Now awaken pangs of sorrow;
But my thoughts I dare not tell.

Mountain bold! thy form surpasses
Every ben that eye can see;
Long may deer frequent thy passes;
Near thee I would ever be.

Gaelic words and translation from "FIONN'S" "CELTIC GARLAND."

23.—CLACHAN GHLINN-DA-RUAIL—CLACHAN GLEN-DA-RUEL.

KEY F.—*Moderato.*


. s, | d , d.– : m . , d | r . , t, : s, . l, | d . , d : m . , f | s : s
SEISD. Mo chaileag mhìn - gheal mheal - shùileach, A dh'fhàs gu fallain, fuas - gailt',
CHORUS. My bonnie win - some las - sie, O, My fas - cin - a - ting jew - el,
. l | d' . , t : l . , s | s . , m : r . s | d' . , l : s . , l | d : d
Gur trom mo cheum o'n dheal - aich sinn Aig Clach - an Ghlinn - da- ru - ail.
I'm sad in - deed, since leav - ing thee, At Clach - an Glen - da - ru - el.

Di-dònaich rinn mi chòlachadh,
Bean òg a's mòdhar gluasad;
Tha 'guth mar cheòl na smeòraiche,
'S mar bhil' an ròis a gruaidhean.

'S caoin a seang-shlios furanach,
Neo-churaidh a ceum uallach;
Tha 'gàirdean bàn glé chumadail,
'S deud lurach 'n a beul guamach.

'S ro fhaicilleach 'n a còmhradh i,
Gun sgilm, gun sgleò, no tuaileas;
Gur flathail coiseachd shràidean i,
Air bheagan stàit no guaineis.

Ged bheireadh Seòras àite dhomh,
Cho àrd 's a tha measg uaislean;
Air m' fhacal 's mòr a b'fheàrr leam,
A bhi 'n Coire-chathaidh am bhuachaill'.

O 's truagh nach robh mi 's m' àilleagan
Air àiridh cois nam fuar-bheann!
Bu shocair, sèimh a chaidilinn,
S i 'm achlais air an luachair.

Cha suaimhneas oidhch' air leabaidh dhomh,
'G a d'fhaicinn ann am bruadar;
'S am Biobull fèin cha laimhsich mi,
Gun d'iomhaigh ghràidh ga m' bhuaireadh.

'N uair b' fhìleant' briathr' a' mhinisteir,
A' fiosrachadh mu 'r truailleachd;
Bha mise coimhead dùrachdach
Na seirc tha 'd shùil neo-luainich.

Ged shuidheas cléir na tìre leam,
'S mi sgriobhadh dhaibh le luath-laimh,
'S ann bhios mo smuaintean dìomhaireach,
Air Sìne dhonn a' chuach-fhuilt.

Ach 's eagal leam le m' cheileireachd,
Gu 'n gabh an seisein gruaim rium;
Ged fhògras iad do 'n Olaind mi,
Ri m' bheò cha toir mi fuath dhuit!

I met her on a Sabbath day,
Mild, young, and unassuming;
Her voice is like the tuneful thrush,
Her cheeks are roses blooming.

So free, so kind, and affable,
Her steps no flowerets harming;
How shapely is her lily arm;
Her mouth how neat and charming.

She speaks both wise and cautiously,
And truthful is her story;
How queenly in her manners all!
Nor seeks she for vain glory.

Although King George would grant to me
The highest rank and station,
I would prefer in Coire-Chathaidh
The shepherd's pay and ration.

Oh! were I and my jewel in
A dell with branches twining,
How soft and soundly would I sleep
While by her side reclining.

How sweet in dreams thy image dear,
When on my bed reposing;
And while the Bible practising
The same is interposing.

When fluent is the minister,
Our fallen state declaring,
Then am I viewing fervently
Thy placid eye and bearing.

When writing for our clergymen,
In solemn conclave sitting,
To Jeanie of the auburn locks
My thoughts are ever flitting.

The Session may, for rhyming thus,
Be making angry motions;
But though abroad they banish me,
Can they displace my notions?

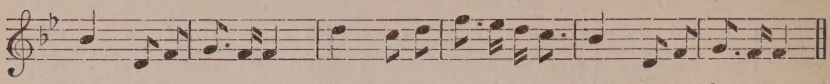
The subject of this song, *Sìne Dhonn Choire-Chathaidh*, afterwards Mrs. Black, died at Rothesay a few years ago, at the advanced age of eighty. Her grandfather, her father, and herself, possessed the farm of Coire-Chathaidh, in the district of Cowal.

Words by ANGUS FLETCHER, Dunoon. Translation by JOHN WEIR.

This song is sung to what is called "Neil Gow's Strathspey."

24.—AN GAIDHEAL 'S A LEANNAN—THE GAEL AND HIS SWEETHEART.

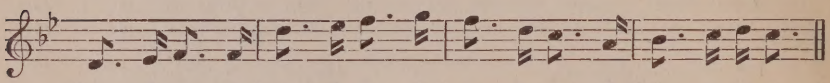
KEY B♭.—*Moderato, with expression.* FINE.



SEISD. | d : m₁. s₁ | l₁ ., s₁ : s₁ | m : r . m | s ., f : m, r.– | d : m₁. s₁ | l₁ ., s₁ : s₁ |
Théid i 's gu'n | téid i leam, | Leam - sa gu'n | téid mo leannan, | Théid i 's gu'n | téid i leam.

CHORUS. Yes! she will go with me, Why should we seek to sever? Yes! she will go with me.

D.C. FOR CHORUS.



| m₁ ., f₁ : s₁ ., s₁ | m ., f : s ., l | s ., m : r ., t₁ | d ., r : m, r.– |
Chionn 's gu bheil gach | gleann 'n a fhàs - ach, | Théid mi fhéin 's mo | Mhài - ri thairis.

Since our glens are des - erts drea - ry, O'er the seas we'll go to - gether.

Théid i leam a tìr nam fraoch-bheann,
O'n tha daoin' air dol a fasan.
Théid i, &c.

Seòlaidh sinn a tìr ar dùthchais,
'Cur ar cùlaobh ris na beannaibh.
Théid i, &c.

Théid i leam a null thar sàile,
Far an dean an Gàidheal beairteas.
Théid i, &c.

'S ged a bhiodh gach là 'n a Shamhradh,
'Chaoidh bith'dh tìr nam beann air m' aire.
Théid i, &c.

'Us mu 'n càirear anns an ùir sinn,
'S e mo dhùrachd tilleadh dhachaidh.
Théidh i, &c.

Chum 's gu 'n tòrrar mise 's m' annsachd,
'N tìr nam beann nan gleann 's nan gaisgeach.
Théid i 's gu'n téid i leam,
Leamsa gu'n téid mo leannan,
Théid i 's gu'n téid i leam.

They have sent across the ocean
Those who wore the kilt and feather.
Yes! she will go, &c.

We must leave our native Highlands,
Breaking ties so hard to sever.
Yes! she will go, &c.

And a land we'll set our sails for,
Where the Gael may riches gather.
Yes! she will go, &c.

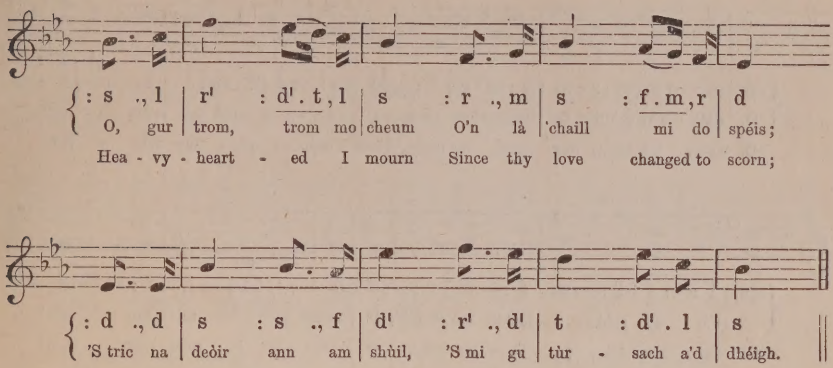
Summer's sun may constant reign there,
But we'll ne'er forget the heather.
Yes! she will go, &c.

And our hope is to return yet,
If life 's journey we should weather.
Yes! she will go, &c.

Land of bens, and glens, and heroes!
Then to sleep in thee for ever.
Yes! she will go with me,
Why should we seek to sever!
Yes! she will go with me.

Gaelic words and music from the "CELTIC MAGAZINE."

25.—GUR TROM, TROM MO CHEUM—HEAVY-HEARTED I MOURN.

KEY E♭.—*With feeling.*

: s ., l | r' : d'. t, l | s : r ., m | s : f. m, r | d
O, gur trom, trom mo cheum O'n là 'chaill mi do spéis;
Hea - vy - heart - ed I mourn Since thy love changed to scorn;
: d ., d | s : s ., f | d' : r' ., d' | t : d' . l | s
'S tric na deòir ann am shùil, 'S mi gu tùr - sach a'd dhéigh.
Fre - quent tears fill mine eyes, And my sighs are for - lorn.

Gheall thu dhòmhsa, a luaidh,
Gaol 'bhiodh fìrinneach, buan;
Ach 's ann shearg e mar bhlàth
'Dh' fhàgas fàl air a' chluan.

Thug mi gaol dhuit 's mi òg;
'S bhithinn dìleas ri m' bheò;
Chaidh na saighdean a'm chridh',
'G éisdeachd brìodal do bheòil.

O'n nach d'fhuair mi do làmh,
O, cha dual dhomh 'bhi slàn!
Cuiridh 'm bròn mi do'n chill
As nach till mi gu bràth.

Gus an dùinear mo shùil
Anns a' chlò as nach dùisg,
Bidh mo ghaol ort gach là,
Fhir nam blàth-shùilean ciùin.

Thou didst pledge to thy maid
Love that never would fade;
But it suffered a blight,
Like a bright flower decayed.

My young heart to thee drew
With a love long and true;
For thy words thrilled my heart,
And love's dart pierced it through.

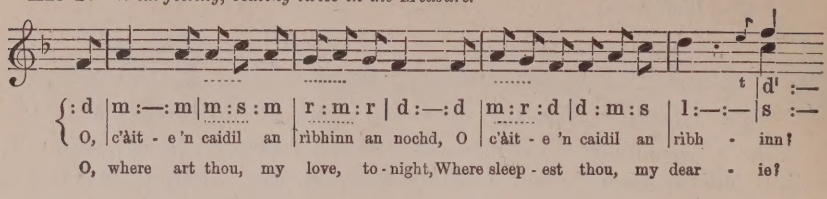
Since thou canst not be mine
I must sorrow and pine;
And my days shall in gloom
To the tomb fast decline.

Till mine eyelids shall close
In their lasting repose,
My fond love ever true
For my blue-eyed youth flows.

Gaelic words by "FIONN." Translation by MR. L. MACBEAN.

26.—C'ÀITE 'N CAIDIL AN RIBHINN?—WHERE SLEEPEST THOU, MY DEARIE?

KEY F.—*With feeling, beating twice in the Measure.*


:d | m :—: m | m : s : m | r : m : r | d :—: d | m : r : d | d : m : s | l :—:—
O, c'àit - e 'n caidil an ribhinn an nochd, O c'àit - e 'n caidil an ribh - inn!
O, where art thou, my love, to - night, Where sleep - est thou, my dear - ie?
:(s) | l :—: s | d' :—: m | s :—: m | r :—: d | d :—: l, | s, :—: l, | d :—:—
Far an caid - il luaidh mo chrìdh', Is truagh nach robh mi fhìn ann!
Where'er thou art, my la - dy bright, O would that I were near thee!

Tha 'ghaoth a séideadh oirnn' o'n deas,
'S tha mise deas gu seòladh;
'S na'n robh thu leam air bhàrr nan stuagh
A luaidh, cha bhithinn brònach.

Bha mi deas 'us bha mi tuath,
'S gu tric air chuairt 's na h-Innsean,
'S bean d' aogais riamh cha d'fhuair mi ann,
No samhladh do mo nìgh'naig.

'S ann ort féin a dh' fhàs a' ghruag
Tha bachlach, dualach, rìomhach,
Fiamh an òir a's bòidhche snuagh
'S e dol 'n a dhuail 's na cìrean.

Cha tog fiodhall, 's cha tog òran,
'S cha tog ceòl na pìoba,
'S cha tog brìodal nìgh'naig òig
Am bròn 'tha 'n diugh air m' ìnntinn.

'S e dh' iarrainn riochd na h-eala bhàin
A shnàmhas thair a' chaolais,—
'Us rachainn féin troimh thonnaibh breun
A chur an céill mo ghaol dhuit.

Tha nis gach ni a réir mo dheòin,
Gach acfhuinn 's seòl mar dh' iarrainn,
'S gun mhaille théid mi air a tòir,
'Us pòsaidh mi mo nìgh'nag.

My ship is floating on the tide,
And prosperous winds are blowing;
If thou wert only by my side
My tears would not be flowing.

I long have braved the stormy sea,
To distant lands oft sailing;
No maiden have I seen like thee;
Thine absence I'm bewailing.

How fair thy locks are to behold,
When in the sunbeams shining;
In colour they will vie with gold
That oft has stood refining.

In song or dance I take no part,
And music cannot cheer me;
Nor maiden's smile can raise my heart
Since absent from my dearie.

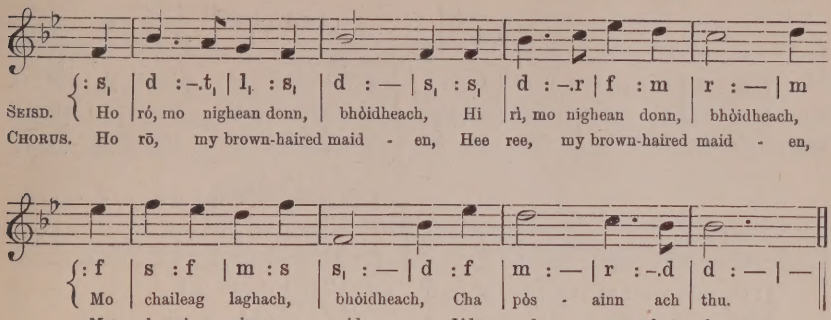
If like the swan I now could sail
Across the trackless ocean,
Ere break of day my love I'd hail
And prove my heart's devotion.

My sails are set; blow, breezes blow!
All thoughts of danger scorning;
Where dwells my love I'll quickly go
And wed her in the morning.

Gaelic words and translation from "FIONN'S" "CELTIC GARLAND."

27.—MO NIGHEAN DONN, BHÒIDHEACH—MY BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN.

KEY B♭.—*Moderato.*


SEISD. Ho ró, mo nighean donn, bhòidheach, Hi rì, mo nighean donn, bhòidheach,
CHORUS. Ho rō, my brown-haired maid - en, Hee ree, my brown-haired maid - en,
Mo chaileag laghach, bhòidheach, Cha pòs - ainn ach thu.
My bonnie, winsome maid - en, I'd wed none but thee.

A Pheigi dhonn nam blàth-shul,
Gur trom a thug mi gràdh dhuit:
Tha d' iomhaigh ghaoil, 'us d' àilleachd,
A ghnàth tigh'nn fo m' ùidh.

Cha cheil mi air an t-saoghal
Gu bheil mo mhiann 's mo ghaol ort;
'S ged chaidh mi uait air faondradh,
Cha chaochail mo rùn.

'N uair bha mi ann ad làthair,
Bu shona bha mo làithean—
A' sealbhachadh do mhànrain,
'Us àille do ghnùis.

Gnùis aoidheil, bhanail, mhàlda
Na h-òigh a's caoimhe nàdur;
I suairce, ceanail, bàigheil,
Làn gràis agus mùirn.

Ach riamh o'n dh' fhàg mi d' fhianuis,
Gu bheil mi dubhach, cianail;
Mo chridhe trom ga phianadh
Le iarguin do rùin.

Ge lurach air a' chabhsair
Na mnathan òga Gallda,
A righ! gur beag mo gheall-s'
Air bhi sealltainn 'n an gnùis.

'S ann tha mo rùn 's na beanntaibh,
Far bheil mo ribhinn ghreannar,
Mar ròs am fàsach Shamhraidh,
An gleann fad' o shùil.

Ach 'n uair a thig an Samhradh,
Bheir mise sgriob do 'n ghleann ud,
'S gu 'n tog mi leam do 'n Ghalldachd,
Gu h-annsail, am flùr.

Thine eye with love is gleaming;
Thy face with beauty beaming;
When waking, or when dreaming,
My thoughts dwell on thee.

Forget thee will I never,
But I will love thee ever;
Though many miles us sever,
I 'm still true to thee.

When I was staying near thee,
Thy presence sweet did cheer me;
And charming 'twas to hear thee
Sing gaily and free.

Of cheerful, comely features;
Of gentle, kindly nature;
There ne'er was living creature
More lovely than thee.

But now that thou 'rt not by, love,—
I often sit and sigh, love,—
And wish that thou wert nigh, love,
To bring joy to me.

Though Lowland girls are fine, love,
E'en some may say divine, love,
There 's none can thee outshine, love,
Or lure me from thee.

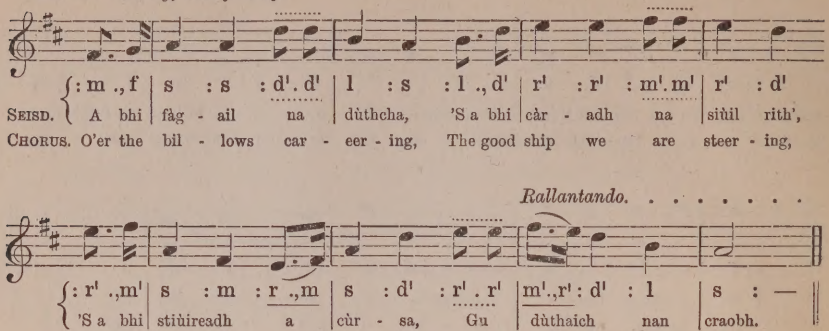
For 'mong the hills she 's dwelling,
Where crystal streams are welling;
Like rose all flowers excelling,
The maiden for me.

When summer comes again, love,
I 'll seek your Highland glen, love,
Mine own to make you then, love,
And take thee with me.

Gaelic words from SINCLAIR'S "ORANAICHE." Translation by MR. M. MACFARLANE, Paisley.

28.—DÙTHAICH NAN CRAOBH—THE LAND OF THE TREES.

KEY D.—*Slowly, with feeling.*


Seisd. A bhi fàg - ail na dùthcha, 'S a bhi càr - adh na siùil rith',
Chorus. O'er the bil - lows car - eer - ing, The good ship we are steer - ing,
Rallantando.
'S a bhi stiùireadh a cùr - sa, Gu dùthaich nan craobh.
From our home so en - dear - ing, To the land of the trees.

Gur e mis' tha fo smuairein,
'S mi a' seòladh thar chuantan,
'Us mi 'g ionndrainn nan duanag
'S tric a fhuair mi 'o m' ghaol.

Di-dòmhnuich m' an d' fhàg mi,
'Us mi coiseachd na sràide,
Thachair orm-sa mo mhàldag,
Le 'blàth-shùilean caoin.

'N uair a bha mi le m' ghràdh-sa
Ann an dùthaich nan àrd-bheann,
'S tric a dh' éisd mi ri 'mànran
Fo sgàile nan craobh.

Thoir mo shoraidh thar sàile,
Ceud soraidh gu bràth 'uam,
Dh' ionnsaidh rìbhinn nam blàth-shùl,—
Té 's feàrr leam 's an t-saogh'l.

Ach ma bhitheas mi maireann,
'S tighinn sàbhailte dhachaidh,
Cha téid mi tuille gu marachd;
Ni mi fanachd 's na caoil.

Faiceam long a' dol dachaidh
Gu Albainn no Sasunn,
Sgriobhaidh mise gu m' leannan
Gur maireann mo ghaol.

Ma ni thu 'm pòsadh m' an tig mi,
Feuch gur feàrr e na mise;
Na gabh pòitear no misgear,
'S na gabh idir fear faoin.

With tears my eyes burning,
And my thoughts ever turning
With a soul-filling yearning,
To the land on the lee.

Where I left my love grieving,
On the morn I was leaving;
Cruel Fortune's deceiving,
That tore her from me.

There was nought in life sweeter
Than at sunset to meet her,
And with fond words to greet her
By the dear trysting tree.

When the wild flowers were springing,
And the woodlands were ringing,
To be listening her singing
Was rapture to me.

Though the storms do not fear me,
There is nought now can cheer me,
Since she is not near me,
To set my cares free.

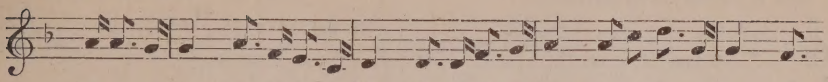
But I'll scan the wide ocean,
For a white sail in motion,
My tale of devotion
To bear home to thee.

When my cruising is over,
I'll no more be a rover;
Nor again will grief move her
At parting from me.

Gaelic words from SINCLAIR'S "ORANAICHE." English words by C. M. P.

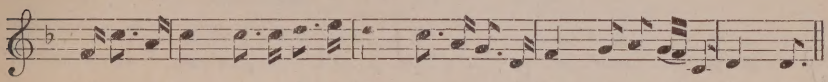
29.—MÀIRI BHÒIDHEACH—PRETTY MARY.

KEY F.—*Moderato.*



SEISD. A Mhàiri bhòidheach, 's a Mhàiri ghaolach, A Mhàiri bhòidheach gur mòr mo ghaol ort

CHORUS. My pretty Ma - ry, my lovely Ma - ry, O, who can measure the love I bear thee?



A Mhàiri bhòidheach, gur tu a chlaoidh mi, 'Sa dh'fhàg mi bròn - ach gun dòigh air t-fhaotainn.

My charming Ma - ry, I greatly fear me, Away from thee there is nought can cheer me.

A Mhàiri bhòidheach gur mòr mo ghaol ort;
Gur tric mi cuimhneachadh ort 's mi m'aonar;
Ge do shiùbhlainn gach ceum do'n t-saoghal,
Bith'dh t'iomhaigh bhòidheach tigh'nn beò gach
taobh dhiom.

'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo Mhàiri bhòidheach
Ann an gleannan faoin 'us ceò air
'S ged bu rìgh mi 's an Roinn-Eòrpa,
Cha'n iarrainn pòg ach o Mhàiri bhòidheach.

O Mhàiri! lughdaich thu mo chiall domh;
Tha mo chrìdh' le do ghaol air lionadh;
Tha gach là dhomh cho fad ri bliadhna,
Mur faic mi t'aodann a tha mar ghrian domh.

C'àit' am faicear 's an t-saogh'l bean t'aogais,
Cha'n 'eil i idir ann ri fhaotainn,
Am maise, 'n tuigse 's an deagh bheusan,
Tha thu ro àrda os cionn gach aon diubh.

Gu ma slàn do mo Mhàiri bhòidheach,
Ge b'e àite 's am bi i chòmhnuidh;
'S e mo dhùrachd-sa 'm fad 's a's beò mi,
Gu'm bi gach sòlas aig Màiri bhòidheach.

In storm or sunshine, where'er I wander,
My wont is on thy charms to ponder;
Thy image rises up before me,
And throws love's witching glamour o'er me.

Could I but sojourn with thee only
In some green glen, secure and lonely,
Then neither glory, fame, nor treasure,
Could ever bring me half such pleasure.

Thy absence has of joy bereft me,
And nought but sorrow now is left me;
From day to day 'tis sighing, pining,
For thy sweet face like a sunbeam shining.

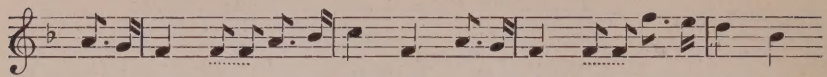
Who ever saw thee but felt thy power?
Of Beauty's handmaids thou 'rt the flower;
And sense and worth, all else excelling,
Within thy virtuous mind are dwelling.

Oh! ne'er may evil chance come near thee,
With grief or gloomy doubts to fear thee;
But pleasant hopes and musings thine be,
To cheer the days until thou mine be.

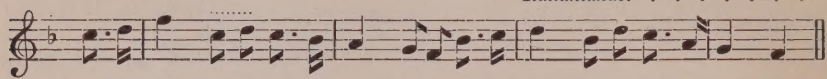
Gaelic words from SINCLAIR'S "ORANAICHE." English words by C. M. P.

30.—AM FLEASGACH DONN—THE BROWN-HAIRED LAD.

KEY F.—*Slowly, with expression.*



	∫: m .,r	d	: d . d : m .,f	s	: d	: m .,r	d	: d . d : d' .,t	l	: f
SEISD	Faill ill	ó,	agus hó ró	éil	- e,	Faill ill	ó,	agus hó ró	éil	- e,
CHORUS.	Fall eel	o,	agus ho ro	ail	- a,	Fall eel	o,	agus ho ro	ail	- a,

Rallantando. . . . . . .

	∫: s .,l	d'	: s . l : s .,f	m	: r . d : f .,s	l	: f . l : s .,m	r	: d
	Faill ill	ó,	agus hó ró	éil	- e, A fhleasgaich	dhuinn nach ann duinn a	dh' éirich.
	Fall eel	o,	agus ho ro	ail	- a, My brown-haired lad,	what a fate	a - waits	us!	

Saoil sibh fhéin nach mi 'bha truagh dheth,
Feasgar foghair air achadh buana;
A h-uile té 's a fear fhéin r'a guallainn,
'S mo leannan donn-sa air bhàrr nan cuantan.

Shiùbhlainn, shiùbhlainn, shiùbhlainn fhéin leat,
Shiùbhlainn fada troimh choill nan geug leat;
'S 'n uair bha mi òg 's mi air bheagan céille
Gur e do ghaol-sa a rinn mo léireadh.

Gheall mo mhàthair fàinne òir dhomh;
Gheall m' athair buaile bhò dhomh;
'S ged gheibhinn sud 's an saoghal mòr leis
Gur mòr gu 'm b' annsa leam gaol an òigeir.

Phiuthar ghaolaich dean gu réidh rium;
Cum an crodh 'us na laoigh bho chéile;
'S ged ghabh mi 'm poca 's a dh' iarr mi'n déirce,
Na cumaibh uam-sa mo rogha céile.

'Dé na'm faicinn thu seach a' bhuaile!
Sgealb mi 'n cuman, 'us thilg mi 'bhuarach—
Chuirinn fhéin mo dhà làmh mu 'n cuairt duit
'S cò, a ghaoll, sin a chumadh uam thu?

In the pleasant harvest gloaming,
Lads and lasses blythely roaming;
Every maiden has her lover,
But far on sea is my brown-haired rover.

Father, mother, I would leave them,
Though my heart should break to grieve them;
And I 'd journey through the wildwood
Beside the laddie I loved from childhood.

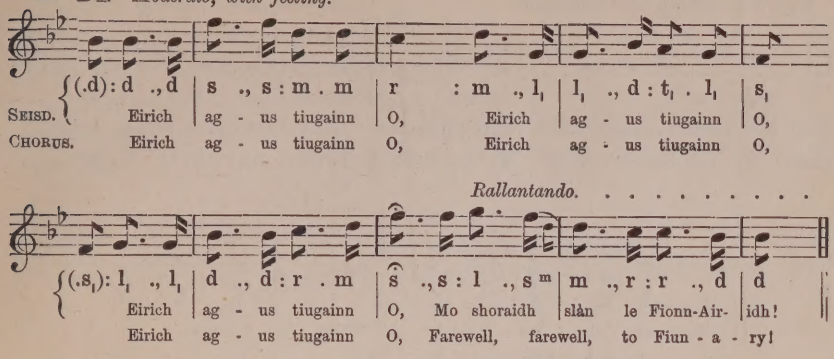
Not for gems of richest splendour
Would I e'er his love surrender;
Though the world were mine to-morrow,
Without my lover 'twould bring but sorrow.

Sister darling, do not grieve me;
Age and youth can ne'er agreed be:
With my world's gear do your pleasure,
But keep not from me my bosom's treasure.

What, if I should now behold him!
To my bosom I would fold him;
Care and anguish would forsake me;
And who would then from my own love take me!

Gaelic words old. Translation by MR. M. MACFARLANE, Paisley.

31.—SORAIDH SLÀN LE FIONN-AIRIDH!—FAREWELL TO FIUNARY!

KEY B♭.—*Moderato, with feeling.*

(.d): d . ,d | s . , s : m . m | r : m . , l, | l, . , d : t, . l, | s,
SEISD. Eirich ag - us tiugainn O, Eirich ag - us tiugainn O,
CHORUS. Eirich ag - us tiugainn O, Eirich ag - us tiugainn O,
Rallantando. . . . . .
(.s,): l, . , l, | d . , d : r . m | s . , s : l . , s m | m . , r : r . , d | d
Eirich ag - us tiugainn O, Mo shoraidh slàn le Fionn-Air- idh!
Eirich ag - us tiugainn O, Farewell, farewell, to Fiun - a - ry!

Tha 'n latha math, 's an soirbheas ciùin;
Tha 'n ùine 'ruith, 's an t-àm dhuinn dlùth;
Tha 'm bàt' g' am fheitheamh fo a siùil,
  Gu m' thoirt a null o Fhionn-Airidh.

Tha ioma mile ceangal blàth
Mar shaighdean ann am féin an sàs;
Mo chridhe 'n impis a bhi sgàinnt'
  A chionn bhi 'fàgail Fhionn-Airidh.

Bu tric a ghabh mi sgrìob leam fhéin
Mu'n cuairt air lùchairt Fhinn an tréin;
'S a dh' éisd mi sgeulachdan na Féinn'
  'G an cur an céill am Fionn-Airidh.

Bu tric a sheall mi feasgar Màirt
Far am biodh Oisean 'seinn a dhàin;
A' coimhead gréin aig ioma trà
  'Dol seach gach là 's mi 'm Fionn-Airidh.

Beannachd le beanntaibh mo ghaoil
Far am faigh mi 'm fiadh le 'laogh,—
Gu ma fad' an coilleach-fraoich
  A' glaodhaich ann am Fionn-Airidh.

Ach cha 'n iad glinn us beanntan àrd'
A lot mo chridh' 's a rinn mo chràdh,
Ach an diugh na tha fo phràmh
  An teach mo ghràidh am Fionn-Airidh.

Beannachd le athair mo ghràidh;
Bidh mi 'cuimhneach ort gu bràth;
Ghuidhinn sonas agus àgh
  Do 'n t-sean fhear bhàn am Fionn-Airidh.

Am feum mi siubhal uait gun dàil?
Na siùil tha togte ris a' bhàt'—
Soraidh slàn, le tìr mo ghràidh,
  'Us slàn, gu bràth le Fionn-Airidh!

The wind is fair, the day is fine,
Swiftly, swiftly runs the time;
The boat is floating on the tide
  That wafts me off from Fiunary.

A thousand, thousand tender ties—
Accept this day my plaintive sighs;
My heart within me almost dies
  At thought of leaving Fiunary.

With pensive steps I've often strolled
Where Fingal's castle stood of old,
And listened while the shepherds told
  The legend tales of Fiunary.

I've often paused at close of day
Where Ossian sang his martial lay,
And viewed the sun's departing ray,
  When wand'ring o'er Dun Fiunary.

Farewell ye hills of storm and snow,
The wild resorts of deer and roe;
In peace the heath-cock long may crow,
  Along the banks of Fiunary.

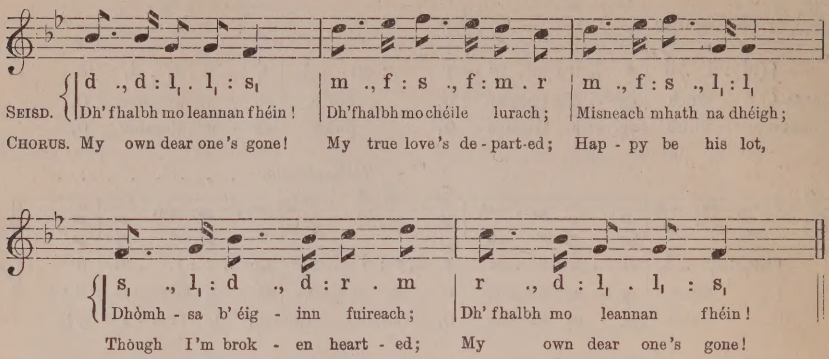
'Tis not the hills nor woody vales
Alone my joyless heart bewails;
A mournful group this day remains
  Within the Manse of Fiunary.

Can I forget Glenturret's name?
Farewell, dear father, best of men:
May heaven's joys with thee remain
  Within the Manse of Fiunary.

Oh must I leave these happy scenes?
See, they spread the flapping sails,
Adieu! adieu! my native plains;
  Farewell, farewell to Fiunary!

Words by the late DR. N. MACLEOD, ("CARAID NAN GAIDHEAL.") Gaelic translation by the late MR. ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, Glasgow.

32.—DH' FHALBH MO LEANNAN FHÉIN!—MY OWN DEAR ONE'S GONE!

KEY B♭.—*Slowly, with expression.*

d ., d : l, . l, : s,
Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin !
m ., f : s ., f : m . r
Dh'fhalbh mo chéile lurach ;
m ., f : s ., l, : l,
Misneach mhath na dhéigh ;
SEISD.
CHORUS. My own dear one's gone! My true love's de - part-ed; Hap - py be his lot,
s, ., l, : d ., d : r . m
Dhòmh - sa b' éig - inn fuireach ;
r ., d : l, . l, : s,
Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin !
Thòugh I'm brok - en heart - ed; My own dear one's gone!

'N uair a thog thu siùil,
Bha mo shùil a' sileadh;
Dhuit-se ghuidh gach beul—
"Slàn gu'n dean thu tilleadh."
Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin!

Ghoid thu leat mo shlàint',
'S rinn thu m' fhàgail dubhach;
Gus an till thu 'ghràidh,
'Chaoidh cha'n fhàs mi subhach.
Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin!

Tha mi ghnàth ga d' chaoidh,
'S mi ga m' chlaoidh le fadal;
Bho 'n a sheòl thu 'rùin,
Tha mo shùil gun chadal.
Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin!

Thainig sgeul gu tìr
'Leòn mo chrìdh' mar shaighead,
Gu'n robh thusa 'luaidh,
'N grunnd a' chuain a'd' laidhe.
Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin!

'S cianail leam an sgeul—
Ciod am feum bhi fuireach?
Bith'dh mi leat gun dàil,
'S gheibh mi fàilte 's furan.
Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin!

When thy sails unfurled,
I with tears had stayed thee,
While each friendly lip
Safe returning prayed thee.
My own dear one's gone!

All my weal went then,
Naught remained but sadness;
Till thou come again
I can ne'er know gladness.
My own dear one's gone!

Wailing aye for thee,
I'm heart-sick with sorrow;
Sleepless now my eyes,
From the eve till morrow.
My own dear one's gone!

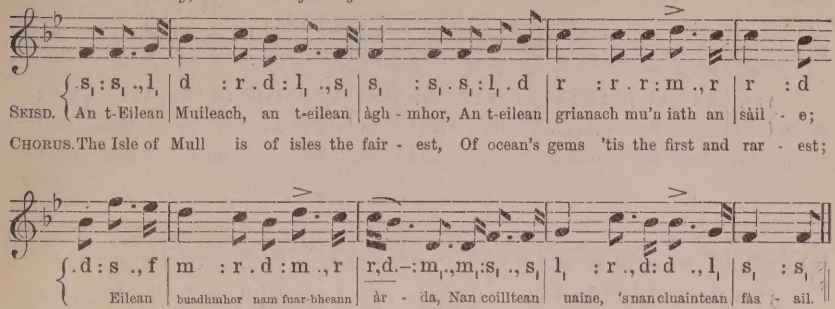
Sad! sad news I hear,
Piercing like an arrow,
That beneath the wave
Sleeps "my winsome marrow."
My own dear one's gone!

Sad the tale to me;
Need I longer tarry?
Death, to rest, and thee,
Soon my soul will carry.
My own dear one's gone!

Chorus old; Gaelic words by "FIONN." Translation by MR. A. M. ROSE.

33.—AN T-EILEAN MUILEACH—THE ISLE OF MULL.

KEY B♭.—*Slowly, with much feeling.*


SEISD. An t-Eilean Muileach, an t-eilean àgh - mhor, An t-eilean grianach mu'n iath an sàil - e;
CHORUS. The Isle of Mull is of isles the fair - est, Of ocean's gems 'tis the first and rar - est;
Eilean buadhmhor nam fuar-bheann àr - da, Nan coilltean uaine, 'snan cluaintean fàs - ail.
Green grassy is - land of sparkling foun - tains, Of waving woods and high tow'ring moun - tains.

Ged tha mi 'm fhògarrach cian air m' aineol
'S a' Chaisteal-nuadh, 's an taobh tuath de Shasunn,
Bith'dh tìr mo dhùthchais a' tigh'nn fainear dhomh,
An t-Eilean Muileach 'bu lurach beannaibh.

B' fhallain, cùbhraidh 's bu réidh an t-àilean,
Le 'bhlâthan maoth-bhog 'bu chaoine fàileadh:
Bu ghlan na bruachan mu 'n d' fhuair mi m' àrach
An Doire-'chuilinn aig bun Beinn-bhàirneach.

Air Lusa chaisleach nan stachd 's nan cuartag,
Bhiodh bradain tnàrr-gheal nam meanbh-bhall ruadh-bhreac,
Gu beò-bhrisg, siùbhlach, le sùrd ri lùth-chleas
'N a cuislibh dù-ghorm gun ghrùid, gun ruadhan.

Bu chulaidh-shùgraidh do dh-òg-fhir uallach,
Le gathan trì-mheurach, rinneach, cruaidh-ghlan,
Air caol-chroinn dhìreach, gun ghiamh, gun chnuachd-mheòir,
'Bhi toirt nan làn-bhreac gu tràigh mu 'bruachan.

'B e 'n sòlas-inntinn leam a bhi 'g éisdeachd
Ri còisir bhinn-ghuthach, ghrinn a' Chéitein
A' seinn gu sunndach an dlùth's nan geugan—
A' choill' fo liath-dhealt', 's a' ghrian ag éirigh!

Chlaon gach sòlas dhiu sud mar bhruadar,
'S mar bhristeadh builgein air bhàrr nan stuadh-thonn:
Ach soraidh slàn leis gach loinn 'us buaidh,
A bh' air eilean àghmhor nan àrd-bheann fuara.

Though far from home I am now a ranger,
In grim Newcastle a doleful stranger,
The thought of thee stirs my heart's emotion,
And deeper fixes its fond devotion.

Oh! fresh and fair are thy meadows blooming,
With fragrant blossoms the air perfuming,
Where boyhood's days I've oft spent in fooling,
Around Ben-Varnick and Durry-Cooling.

Where Lussa's stream through the pools comes whirling,
Or o'er the clear pebbly shallows swirling,
The silvery salmon is there seen playing,
And in the sunbeams his hues displaying.

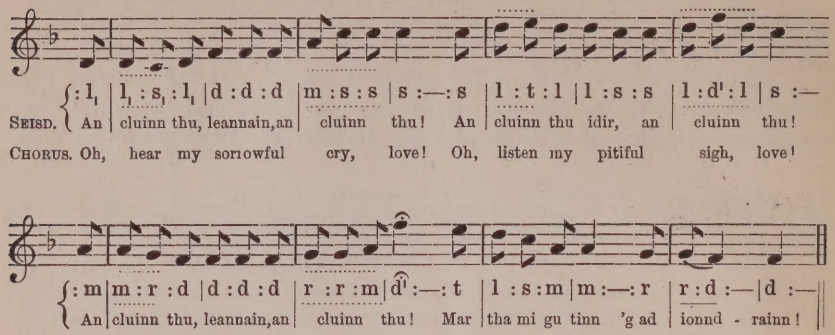
There might young manhood find fit enjoyment,
In healthy, vigorous, rare employment;
With three-pronged spear on the margin standing,
And with quick dart the bright salmon landing.

How pleasant 'twas in the sweet May morning,
The rising sun thy gay fields adorning;
The feathered songsters their lays were singing,
While rocks and woods were with echoes ringing.

But gone are now all those joys for ever,
Like bubbles bursting on yonder river:
Farewell, farewell, to thy sparkling fountains,
Thy waving woods and high tow'ring mountains!

Gaelic words by MR. DUGALD MACPHAIL. Translation by C. M. P.

34.—AN CLUINN THU, LEANNAIN!—O HEAR ME, LOVE, HEAR ME!

KEY F.—*Moderato, beating twice in the Measure.*

SEISD. An cluinn thu, leannain, an cluinn thu! An cluinn thu idir, an cluinn thu!
CHORUS. Oh, hear my sorrowful cry, love! Oh, listen my pitiful sigh, love!
An cluinn thu, leannain, an cluinn thu! Mar tha mi gu tinn 'g ad ionnd - rainn!
Oh, how I wish thou wert nigh, love! For thee I am dai - ly pin - ing!

Mo chion air an ainnir!—'S i bean a' chùil bhàin
D' an d'thug mi 'n gaol falaich nach fannaich gu bràth;
Bu tu mo cheud leannan gun aithne do chàch,
'S mi nise fo phràmh 'g ad ionndrainn.

'S i d' ìomhaigh a's ceòl dhomh gach Dòmhnach 'us Luain,
'S tu cuspair mo smaointeanan faoine gach uair;
'S i mhaise 'tha 'd aodann a chaochail mo shnuadh,
'S a dh' fhàg mi gun luaidh air sùgradh.

'S truagh nach robh mise fo shileadh a' cheò,
Còmhla ri m' leannan an gleannan an fheòir;
Cha 'n iarrainn a dh-iocshlaint' ach brìodal do bheòil,
Oir 's millse do phòg na 'n siùcar.

Thàrmaich leann-dubh orm, mulad 'us cràdh;
O, 'n acain so 'leòn mi 'n tùs m' òige cho tràth!
An deaghaidh do gheallaidh mur faigh do làmh,
Bheir saighdean do ghràidh do 'n ùir mi.

Ged their mo luchd-tuaileis nach buan duit mo ghràdh,
Cha chreideadh tu 'n còmhradh na 'm b'eòl dhuit a mheud
'S a tha do d' chion-falaich air m'aigne gach là,
'S mo spiorad fo phràmh 'g a ghiùlan.

Seall air a' ghealaich air aghaidh nan speur,
Nach caochail a cùrsa 'measg dùmhlas nan reul;
Mar sin tha sìor iomairt mo chrìdh' as do dhéigh,
Bho 'n thug thu fo ghéill air tùs e.

Tha caoin shlios mo leannain mar eal' air a' chuan,
Na 's gile na'n fhaoileann air aodann nan stuagh;
Mar shneachd air na beannaibh, mar chanach nam bruach,
'S i farasda, suairc' 'n a giùlan.

I love thee, I love thee, my golden-haired maid,
With a deep hid affection which never shall fade;
My heart at thy shrine, love, its first homage paid;
But now it is lonely repining.

The theme of my songs thou art day after day;
And thoughts of thy sweet face are never away;
My spirits, now clouded, that once were so gay,
No more are to pleasure inclining.

Oh! would that I were far beyond human ken,
'Neath a mantle of mist hid in some cosy glen;
The balm that would gladden my wounded heart then,
Were thy converse and kisses divine, love.

Since thou hast departed I wander alone,
And I can do nothing but sorrow and moan;
The sunshine of life is o'ershadowed and gone,
That once was resplendently shining.

Let them say, if they may, that my love will decline;
You ne'er could believe such a case to be mine,
If you knew how my poor heart is bound up in thine,
And longs so to reckon thee mine, love.

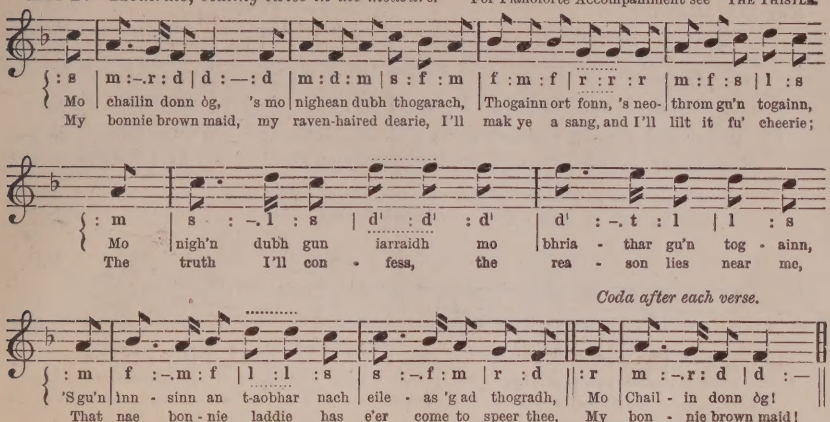
See the pale orb of night shining bright in the sky;
She holds on her course 'mong the planets on high:
Thus my heart would be faithful though fair ones were nigh,
In beauty all others outshining.

As fair as the swan is the maid I adore;
As pure as the sea-gull that lives by yon shore:
If thou would'st return to my bosom once more,
What pleasures again were mine, love!

Gaelic words by MR. DUGALD MACPHAIL. Translation by C. M. P.

35.—MO CHAILIN DONN ÒG—MY BONNIE BROWN MAID.

KEY F.—*Moderato, beating twice in the measure.* For Pianoforte Accompaniment see "THE THISTLE."


Mo chailin donn òg, 's mo nighean dubh thogarach, Thogainn ort fonn, 's neo- throm gu'n togainn,
My bonnie brown maid, my raven-haired dearie, I'll mak ye a sang, and I'll lilt it fu' cheerie;
Mo nigh'n dubh gun iarraidh mo bhria - thar gu'n tog - ainn,
The truth I'll con - fess, the rea - son lies near me,
Coda after each verse.
'S gu'n inn - sinn an t-aobhar nach eile - as 'g ad thogradh, Mo Chail - in donn òg!
That nae bon - nie laddie has e'er come to speer thee, My bon - nie brown maid!

Gu bheil thu gu bòidheach, bainndidh, banail,
Gun chron ort fo 'n ghréin, gun bhéum gun sgainnir;
Gur gil' thu fo d' léine na éiteag na mara,
'S tha choir agam fhéin gun do chéile bhi mar-riut.

Gur muladach mi, 's mi 'n déigh nach math leam,
Na dheanadh dhomh stàth aig cách 'g a mhalairt;
Bith'dh d'athair an còmhnuidh 'g òl le caithream,
'S e eòlas nan còrn a dh-fhàgè cho falamh.

Na'm bithinn ag òl mu bhòrd na dibhe,
'S gu'm faicinn mo mhiann 's mo chiall a' tighinn,
'S e 'n copan beag donn thogadh fonn air mo chridhe,
'S cha tugainn mo bhriathran nach iarrainn e rithist.

Bith'dh bodaich na dùtch' ri bùrt 's ri fanaid,
A cantainn rium féin nach géill mi dh-ainnis,
Ged tha mi gun spréidh tha téud ri tharruing,
'S cha sguir mi de 'n òl fhad 's is beò mi air thalamh.

'S ioma bodachan gnù nach dùraig mi aithris,
Le thional air spréidh, 's iad ga thréigsinn a's t-earrach,
Nach òl anns a bhliadhna trian a' ghallain,
'S cha toir e fo 'n ùir na 's mò na bheir Calum.

Na'm bithinn air féill, 's na céudan mar-rium,
De chuideachda chòir a dh-òladh drama,
Gu'n suidhinn mu 'n bhòrd 's gu'n tràighinn mo shearrag,
'S cha d'thuirt mo bhean riamh rium ach—"Dia leat a Chalum."

Ged tha mi gun stòr, le òl 's le iomairt,
Air bheagan de ni, le prìs na mine,
Tha m' fhortan aig Dia, 's e fialaidh uime,
'S ma gheibh mi mo shlàinte, gu 'm pàigh mi na shir mi.

Ge mór le càch na tha mi milleadh,
Cha tugainn mo bhòid nach òlainn tuillidh,
'S e gaol a bhi mòr tha m' fheòil a' sireadh,—
Tha 'n sgeul ud ri aithris air Calum a' Ghlinne.

Thou'rt modest and comely, thou'rt blythe and thou'rt bonnie,
And ne'er in thy heart could'st thou wish ill to onie;
Thou'rt fairer, by far, when thou'rt dressed in thy plaidie,
Than mony's a gaudy and braw-buskit lady.

Here sits your fule faither the waur o' the drappie,
While others noo handle what micht mak ye happy;
His cunyie took wings, while he roared and he chantit,
In horns without number; and noo ye maun want it.

Were I in the inn sitting heartsome and cheerie,
And seeing thee passing, my ain bonnie dearie,
The little brown coggie would wauken my speerits,
To sing a bit sang on thy beauty and merits.

A wheen o' dowf bodies they scorn me and jeer me,
And tell me that poverty soon will be near me;
My gear may be scanty, but that winna grieve me;
I'll stick to the dram till my last breath shall leave me.

There 's warldly auld carles, too, I carena to mention,
To corn and to cattle pay a' their attention,
Wha drink in a year no the third o' a gallon—
They 'll tak to the cauld yird nae mair than puir Callum.

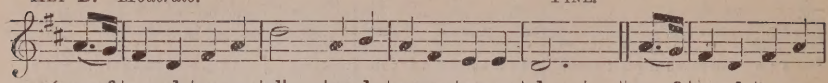
At fairs and at markets I meet wi guid fellows,
And maybe I aft sit and drink till I'm mellow:
But, though I should finish a bottle in glasses,
My wife ne'er said waur than "'Od Callum, guid bless us."

My pouch has a hole in't wi drinking and ranting;
The meal it is dear, and the siller is wanting;
Yet God in His bounty our store shall provide aye,
And, health being mine, what I seek I will pay't aye.

Though douce folks declaim at my drinking and spending:
I wadna just promise they 'll e'er see its ending:
The wish to be big—it's my candid opinion,
Will aye be the bane o' puir *Calum a' Ghlinne.*

Gaelic words by "CALUM A' GHLINNE," (M. MACKENZIE.) Translation by MR. M. MACFARLANE, Paisley.

36.—ALLT-AN-T-SIÙCAIR—THE SUGAR BROOK.

KEY D.—*Moderato.* FINE.

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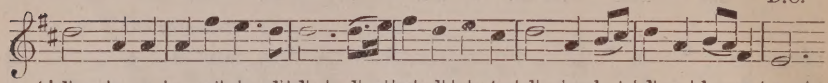
A' dol thar Allt-an- t-siùcair, am maduinn chùbhraidh Chéit', 'Us paid-ir - ean geal
When passing o'er this streamlet, one fragrant morn in May, The meadows wet with
'S goc-mhoit air cuthag chùl-ghorm 's gug - gùg aic' air a' ghéig.
The cuckoo's note of glad - ness a - rose from scented spray.

D.C.


d' : — | s : s | s : m' | r' :-.d' | d' :-|-:d'.,r' | m' : d' | r' : t | d' :-|s : l . t | d' : s | l . s : m | r :-|-
dlùth-chneap de'n driùchd gorm air an fheur; Bha *Richard 's Robin* brù - dhearg ri sginn's fear dhiu 'n'a bheus;
dew - drops, shone bright at dawn of day; The crimson - breasted Rob - in was pouring forth his lay; D.C

Bha 'n smeòrach cur nan smùid dhi
Air bacan-cùil leath' féin;
An dreathan-donn gu sùrdail,
'S a rifeid-chiùil 'n a bheul;
Am bricean-beithe 's lùb air,
'S e gleusadh lùth a theud;
An coileach-dubh ri dùrdan,
'S a chearc ri tùchan réidh.

Na bric a' gearradh shùrdag,
Ri plubraich dhlùth le chéil',
Taobh-leumraich mear le lùth-chleas,
A bùrn le mùirn ri gréin;
Ri ceapadh chuileag siùbhlach,
Le 'm bristeadh lùthmhor fhéin:
Druim lann-ghorm, 's ball-bhreac giùran,
'S an lainnir-chùil mar léig.

Bùrn tana, glan, gun ruadhan,
Gun deathaich, ruaim, no ceò,
Bheir anam-fàs 'us gluasad
D' a chluaineagan mu 'bhòrd.
Gaoir bheachan buidhe 's ruadha,
Ri diogladh chluaran-òir;
'S cir-mheala 'g a cur suas leò
'N céir-chuachagan 'n an stòir.

Gur sòlas an ceòl-cluaise,
Ard-bhàirich buair mu d' chrò;
Laoigh cheann-fhionn, bhreac, 'us ruadha,
Ri freagradh nuallan bhò;
A' bhanarach le buaraich,
'S am buachaill' dol 'n an còir,
Gu bleoghann a' chruidh ghuaill-fhinn
Air cuaich a thogas cròic.

The mavis warbles loudly
From yonder leafy tree;
The wren now joins the chorus,
And chirps aloud with glee;
The linnet is preparing
Her cheerfulness to shew,
While black-cocks greet their partners
With cooing soft and low.

Thy limpid waters laving
Rich banks of bonny green,
Where in his silvery splendour
The salmon oft is seen;
He leaps in all his glory
To catch the flies at play,
And lashes with his playing
The waters into spray.

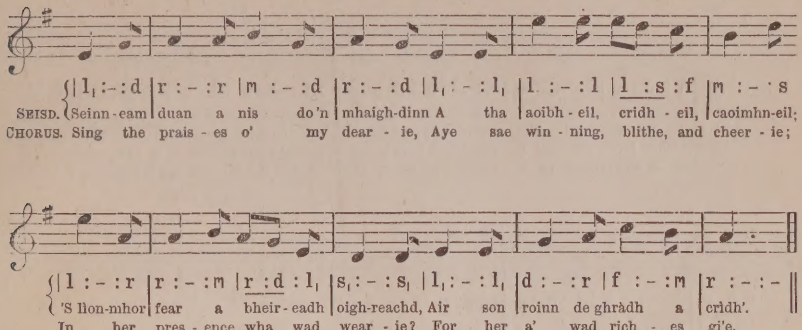
Thy crystal stream goes flowing
Through many a grassy lea,
Supplying sap and fragrance
To every herb and tree;
The honey-bee is roaming
In yonder flowery dell;
The nectar from thy roses
He stores within his cell.

How pleasant is the lowing
Of cattle by the fold,
Their calves around them playing,
How pleasant to behold!
The milk-maid sings her chorus
To cattle in the dale,
While they to overflowing
Soon fill the milking-pail.

Gaelic words and translation from "FIONN'S" "CELTIC GARLAND."

37—A' MHAIGHDEAN ÀLUINN—THE PEERLESS MAIDEN.

KEY G. *Moderato, beating twice in the measure.* Air—"Slàn gu 'n till na Gaidheil ghasda."


SEISD. Seinn - eam duan a nis do'n mhaigh-dinn A tha aoibh - eil, cridh - eil, caoimhn-eil;
CHORUS. Sing the prais - es o' my dear - ie, Aye sae win - ning, blithe, and cheer - ie;
'S lìon-mhor fear a bheir - eadh oigh-reachd, Air son roinn de ghràdh a cridh'.
In her pres - ence wha wad wear - ie? For her a' wad rich - es gi'e.

Tha mo leannan dreachmhor, dìreach,
'Us 'n a gluasad socair, sìobhalt';
Cha 'n 'eil maighdean anns an sgìreachd
'Thig a nìos riut ann an gnìomh.

'S ann fo sgàile nam beann-àrda
Dh' fhàs an rìbhinn a tha àluinn;
Labhraidh i gu blasda 'Ghàidhlig,
'Chainnt a's feàrr a tha 's an tìr.

Dh'fhàs i suas mar shóbhraig bhòidhich,
Modhail, màlda mar an neòinein;
Cha d' fhuair amaideachd no gòraich'
Aite-còmhnaidh riamh 'n a crìdh'.

Tha mo ghaol-sa cridheil, ceòlmhor—
Có 'n a cuideachd a bhiodh brònach?
'N uair a theannas i ri òrain
Faodaidh 'n smeòrach a bhi bìth.

Falt a cinn 'n a dhualan òrdail;
Dheth cha 'n ioghnadh i 'bhi spòrsail;
Ceum gu bràth nach dochainn feòirnein;
Meòir a's bòidhche air an sgrìobh.

Cha 'n 'eil maighdean anns an dùthaich
'Tha cho measail no cho cliùiteach;
'S iomadh h-aon a thug dhuit ùmhlachd,
'Us a lùb dhuit anns gach nì.

O'n a chuir mi fhéin ort eòlas,
'S tric a bha sinn cridheil còmhla;
Ach tha mis' an diugh a'm ònar
Dubhach, brònach, 'us thu 'm dhìth.

'S ged a tha mi fad' air faontradh
Thall 's a bhos air feadh an t-saoghail,
Air mo spéis dhuit cha tig caochladh;
Thug mi gaol dhuit 'bhios gun chrìch.

In her figure, straight and slender;
In her manner, kind and tender;
Nature's sel' could hardly mend her;
In her movements, neat and free.

She was reared amang the Hielans,
Land o' crofts and summer shielins;
How it charms and warms the feelins
When she Gaelic speaks tae me.

Like the daisy bloomin' bonny;
Like the primrose lo'ed by mony;
She grew fairer far than ony
And nae menseless ways had she.

When she sings there's nane sings sweeter;
E'en the mavis canna beat her:—
Wha'd be dowie ga'in tae meet her?
Wha could pairt frae her wi' glee?

Doun her gracefu' shouthers flowing,
Her rich curls are golden glowing:
Scarce her footstep, lightly going,
Bends the flow'ret on the lea.

Liked by ilka ane comes near her;
And the langer kenn'd the dearer;
North or south there's nane can peer her;
And she 's a' the warld tae me.

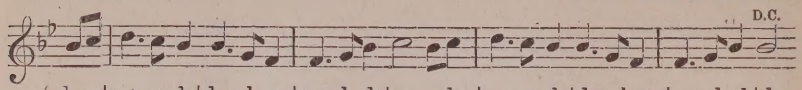
Though afar frae her I wander,
On my dear ane still I ponder;
Ilka day but makes me fonder—
Love like mine can never die.

From the day when first I met her,
My desire has been to get her;
Come what may, I 'll ne'er forget her
Until death shall close my e'e.

Gaelic words by "FIONN." Translation by Mr M. MAC FARLANE.

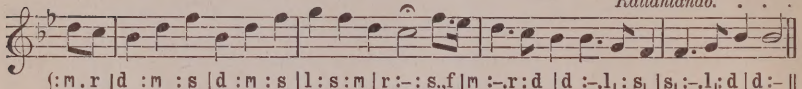
38—NA LAITHEAN A DH'AOM—THE GAY DAYS OF YORE.

KEY B♭. *Beating twice in the measure.* Air—"Robi donn gòrach."



Tha na siantan air caochladh, tha'n saoghal fo sprochd, Chuir an doineann fhuar, fhiadhaich an ianlaidh 'n an tosd;
The storm has subsided, the world is oppressed, All hushed by the tempest, the birds seek their nest;
Tha sneachda tròm, dòmhail a' còmhdach nam beann, A' lionadh nan glacan, 's a' tacadh nan allt,
The Ben is enwrapped in a mantle of snow, Con-cealing the streams, and im-peding their flow:

Rallantando. . . .



'S mise 'feitheamh an aisig aig carraig a' chaoil, Ri smaointean air àbhachd nan làithean a dh'aom.
A-waiting the ferry, I sit by the shore, And silently muse on the gay days of yore.

Ann an làithean ar n-òige
Dol 'n còmhdhail an t-sluaigh,
Cha sheall sinn ach faoin
Air mar dh' aomas iad 'uainn;
Cha tig e 'n ar smaointean
Cho goirid 's tha 'n dàil,
Gus am brùchd oirnn gach leòn
Ni ar lùbadh gu làr,
Gun chùram gun éislein,
Aig teumadh air taobh,
Air làithean a' snàg 'uainn
Gun àireamh air aon.

In bright days of childhood
With free buoyant heart,
We think not how swiftly
The seasons depart,
How soon comes the time
When our health may decay,
And softly we'll slumber
Beneath the cold clay;
All heedless we count not
The years as they fly,
Nor days that unnumbered
Pass silently by.

'N uair a luidheas an aois oirnn
'S a dh' aognas ar snuadh,
Ar ciabh 'dol 'an tainead,
Agus smal air ar gruaidh,
Bith'dh teugmhail nan còmhlan
A' còmhradh gu truagh,
Agus càirdean ar n-òige
Air sòmhladh 's an uaigh;
'S ann an sin bhios ar cridhe
Làn mulaid 'us gaoid,
Ri smaointean air àbhachd
Nan làithean a dh' aom.

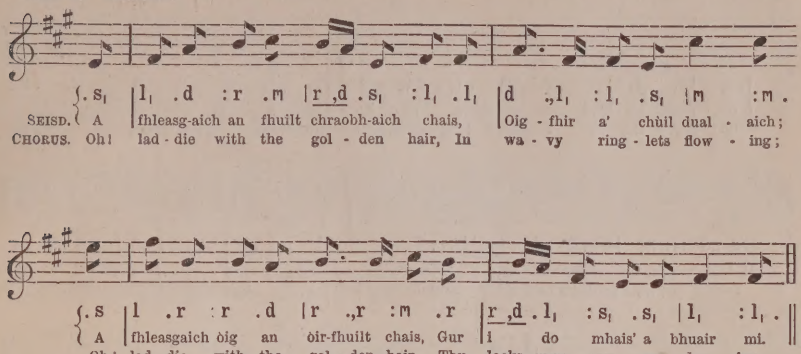
In the gloaming of life,
When age furrows the brow,
Our locks getting thinner,
And white as the snow,
When this world's cold friendship
Is sad to behold,
And the friends of our youth
Are asleep 'neath the mould,
Then, our heart filled with sorrow,
Is sick to the core,
As we mournfully muse
On the gay days of yore.

O! Ard-Rìgh na cruinne,
Ceann-uidhe ar dùil,
Air an t-sneachda fhliuch fhionnar
Dhuit a lùbas mi glùn;
'S guidheam gu'n òrduich
Thu dhòmh-sa gu glic,
'Bhi 'cuimhneachadh d'òrduigh
Gu h-ùmhal 's gu tric,
Chum 'n uair chrìochnaicheas m' astar
Ann an glacaibh an Aoig,
Nach cuimhnich thu m' fhàilinn
Anns na làithean a dh' aom.

Almighty Creator!
My hope is in Thee;
On this snowy pathway
I now bend the knee;
O, teach me Thy statutes
And guide me alway,
And let me remember
Thy precepts each day,
That, sleeping in Death,
When Life's journey is o'er,
The faults of my youth
Thou 'lt remember no more.

Gaelic words by the late Dr MAC LACHLAN, Rahoy. Translation by "FIONN."

39—OIGFHEAR A CHÙIL-DUALAICH—LADDIE WITH THE GOLDEN HAIR.

KEY A. *Moderato.*

SEISD. A fhleasg-aich an fhuilt chraobh-aich chais, Oig - fhir a' chùil dual - aich;
CHORUS. Oh! lad - die with the gol - den hair, In wa - vy ring - lets flow - ing;
A fhleasgaich òig an òir-fhuilt chais, Gur i do mhais' a bhuair mi.
Oh! lad - die with the gol - den hair, Thy looks were my un - do - ing.

Mheall thu, mheall thu, mheall thu mi;
Do bhòidhichead a bhuair mi;
Us gheall thu dhòmhs' air iomadh dòigh
Gu'm biodh do stòras buan domh.

Is truagh nach robh mi 'us mo ghaol
An lagan an fhraoich uaine,
'S ged laidhinn tinn, gu'n éirinn slàn,
'S mo làmh 'bhi fo d'chùl dualach.

O, gur mise 'tha gu tinn,
'Us falt mo chinn air fuasgladh,
'S gun fhios a'm fhéin ciod e'n cion-fàth
'Thug dhuits', a ghràidh, bhi'n gruaim rium.

Na'm biodh agam boineid dhù-ghorm
'S ite mholach uaine,
'S mi gu'n rachadh leat, a ghaoil,
Do sheòmar nan daoin'-uaisle.

Bith'dh tu aig banais agus "bàl,"
A' mànran ris gach gruagaich,
'S bith'dh mise 'n sin air chùl gach màis
'S do chàirdean ann an gruaim rium.

B' òg a thug mi dhuit mo ghaol,
Ged nach d'rinn mi 'bhuannachd,
'S an t-snaoim a cheangail sinn gu teann,
I air gach ceann air fuasgladh.

Thy beauty drew my heart to thee,
But now I am deceivèd;
The promises you gave to me
My too fond heart believèd.

Oh! would I were in yonder glen,
Now roaming with my deary;
My heart would wake to joy again,
Though now 'tis sad and dreary.

My locks untended loosely flow,
My spirits are dejected;
In vain I try the cause to know
Why thou hast me neglected.

If dressed in silks or satins rare,
Although of lowly station,
I'd to thy stately halls repair,
And face each proud relation.

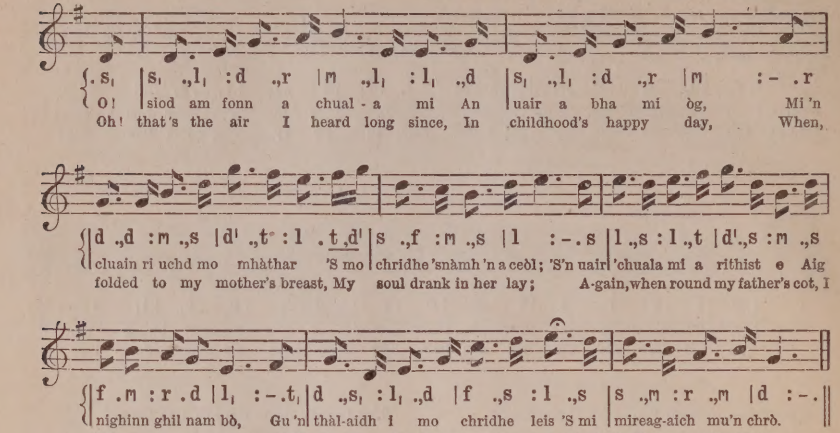
At balls or weddings thou art prone
To flirt with many a maiden,
While I, despised, must sit alone,
My heart with sorrow laden.

The love we plighted in the glade
I thought would fail us never;
The knot we tied, the vows we made,
I fear are loosed for ever.

Gaelic words from SINCLAIR'S "ORANAICHE." Translation by "FIONN."

40—AM FONN—THE MELODY.

KEY G.—*Moderato, with feeling.* Air—"An nochd gur faoin mo chadal dhomh."


O! siod am fonn a chual - a mi An uair a bha mi òg, Mi 'n
Oh! that's the air I heard long since, In childhood's happy day, When,
cluain ri uchd mo mhàthar 'S mo chridhe 'snàmh 'n a ceòl; 'S'n uair 'chuala mi a rithist e Aig
folded to my mother's breast, My soul drank in her lay; A-gain, when round my father's cot, I
nighinn ghil nam bò, Gu 'n thàl-aidh i mo chridhe leis 'S mi mireag-aich mu'n chrò.
frisked a sportive boy, Full oft the milkmaid waked the strain, And thrilled my soul with joy.

Bu tric o sin 'g a chlàistinn mi,
Mu eadradh àrd-thra nòin,
'S mi beadradh, air an àiridh,
Ri mo Mhàiri àillidh òig;
No feadh nan glacag fàileanta
'S an tàrladh dhuinn, gun ghò,
'Bhi coinneachadh, gu mànranach,
Fo sgàilean Choill-nan-cnò.

Ach b' éiginn dòmhs' an àiridh
Agus Mairi 'chur air chùl,
'Us siubhal fad' o'n àite sin
'S an robh mo ghràdh 'us m' ùigh,
A sheasamh anns na blàraibh
'N aghaidh nàmhaidean ar dùthch':
'S an làtha dh' fhàg mi 'm Bràighe,
Rìgh! bu chràiteach m' aigne brùit'!

O! siod am fonn a chuala mi,
'S a chuaileanaich mu 'm chrìdh',
A 's tric a dhùisg dhomh sealladh
Air mo leannan 's air mo thìr;
An uair a bhithinn airtnealach
'N am chairtealan, le sgìos,
Gu 'n taislicheadh e m' anam
'N uair a chanainn e leam fhìn!

Ach thog am fonn an tràth-so dhomh
Fàth cànrain agus bròin;
Oir dhùisg e lomhaigh Màiri
'Us mo mhàthar, 's iad fo'n fhòid;
Gach caochladh agus sàrach
'Thàinig air na Gàidheil chòir,
O 'n àm 's 'n a bhuail an dàn ud mi
Le gràdh, 'n uair 'bha mi óg!

And oft since then I've heard its notes
With rapture fill the ear
At noonday in the shieling, when
My Mary lilted near;
Or when, in evening's peaceful calm,
Our steps together strayed,
With song and artless gaiety,
Adown the scented glade.

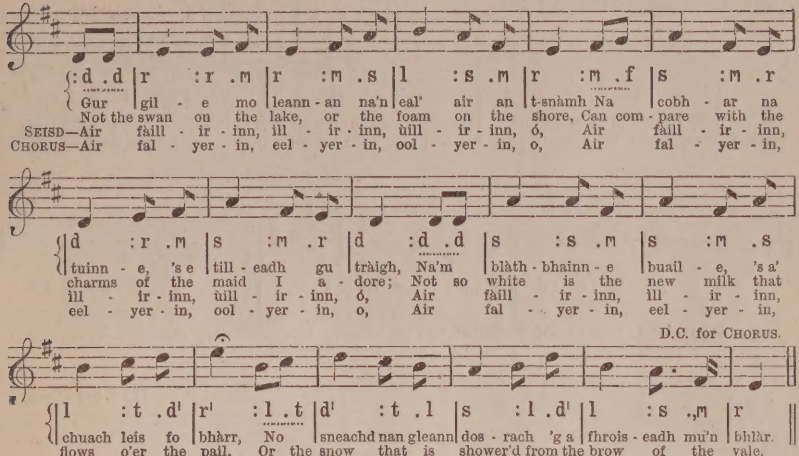
But cruel Fate at length decreed
That I should wander far
From Mary and my kindred dear,
To fill the ranks of war—
My country's rightful cause to stand
Against a foreign foe:
That day I left the glen I loved,
What words could tell my woe!

Again I've felt its moving tones
Around my heart entwine,
Awakening thoughts of home and love,
And joys that once were mine,
When, far away 'mid other scenes,
I thought of bygone years,
And hummed it o'er with melting heart
And eyes bedimmed with tears.

But when I hear it now, it wakes
Sad thoughts within my breast;
It minds me of my mother,
And my Mary, now at rest;
The evils that befell our land,
The wrongs my country bore,
Since first I heard that melody
In the happy days of yore.

Gaelic words from J. MUNRO'S "FILIDH." Translation by Mr M. MAC FARLANE.

41—EALAIDH GHAOIL—A MELODY OF LOVE.

KEY D.—*Lively.*

(:d .d |r :r .m |r :m .s |l :s .m |r :m .f |s :m .r
Gur gil - e mo leann - an na'n eal' air an t-snàmh Na cobh - ar na
Not the swan on the lake, or the foam on the shore, Can com - pare with the
SEISD—Air fàill - ir - inn, ill - ir - inn, ùill - ir - inn, ó, Air fàill - ir - inn,
CHORUS—Air fal - yer - in, eel - yer - in, ool - yer - in, o, Air fal - yer - in,
d :r .m |s :m .r |d :d .d |s :s .m |s :m .s
tuinn - e, 's e till - eadh gu tràigh, Na'm blàth - bhainn - e buail - e, 's a'
charms of the maid I a - dore; Not so white is the new milk that
ill - ir - inn, ùill - ir - inn, ó, Air fàill - ir - inn, ill - ir - inn,
eel - yer - in, ool - yer - in, o, Air fal - yer - in, eel - yer - in,
D.C. for CHORUS.
l :t .d' |r' :l .t |d' :t .l |s :l .d' |l :s .m |r
chuach leis fo bhàrr, No sneachd nan gleann dos - rach 'g a fhrois - eadh mu'n bhlàr.
flows o'er the pail, Or the snow that is shower'd from the brow of the vale.
ùill - ir - inn, ó, Gur bòidh - each an com - unn 'th' aig coinnimh 'n t-Srath - mhòir.
ool - yer - in, o, How joy - ous the meet - ing con - vened at Strath - more.

Mar na neòil bhuidhe 'lùbas
Air stùcaibh nan sliabh,
Tha cas-fhalt mo rùin-sa
Gu siùbhlach a' sniomh;
Tha 'gruaidh mar an ròs
'N uair a's bòidhche 'bhios 'fhiamh
Fo ùr-dhealt a' Chéitein
Mu'n éirich a' ghrian.

Mar Venus a' boisgeadh
Thar choilltibh nan àrd,
Tha 'mlog-shuil 'g am bhuaireadh
Le suaicheantas gràidh.
Tha 'bràighe nan seud
Ann an éideadh gach àigh,
Mar ghealach nan speur
'S i 'cur reultan fo phràmh.

Bith'dh 'n uiseag 's an smeòrach,
Feadh lòintean an driùchd,
'Toirt fàilte le'n òrain
Do'n òg-mhaduinn chiùin;
Ach bith'dh 'n uiseag neo-sheòlta,
'S an smeòrach gun sunnd,
'N uair a thòisicheas m' eudail
Air gleusadh a ciùil.

'N uair thig samhradh nan neòinean
A' còmhdach nam bruach,
Bith'dh gach eòinean 's a' chròchd-choill'
A' ceòl leis a' chuaich;
'S bith'dh mise gu h-éibhinn
A' leumnaich 's a' ruaig
Fo dhlùth-gheugaibh sgàileach,
A' mànran ri m' luaidh.

As the clouds yellow wreath
On the mountain's high brow,
So the locks of my fair one
Redundantly flow.
Her cheeks have the tint
That the roses display
When they glitter with dew
In the morning of May.

Like the planet of Venus,
That gleams o'er the grove,
Her blue rolling eyes
Are the symbols of love.
Her pearl-circled bosom
Diffuses bright rays,
As the moon when the stars
Are bedimmed with her blaze.

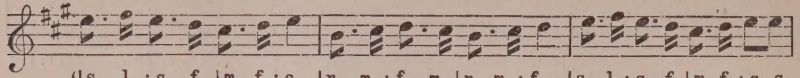
The mavis and lark,
At the breaking of dawn,
Make a chorus of joy
To resound through the lawn;
But the mavis is tuneless —
The lark strives in vain,
When my beautiful charmer
Renews her sweet strain.

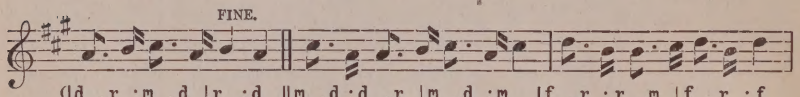
When summer bespangles
The landscape with flowers,
And the thrush and the cuckoo
Sing soft in their bowers,
Through the wood-shaded windings
With Bella I 'll rove,
And feast unrestrained
On the smiles of my love.

First verse and chorus by MRS. MAC KENZIE, Bail'-an-lòin; remainder, and translation, by the late EWEN MAC LACHLAN

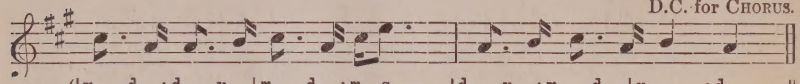
42—GABHAIDH SINN AN RATHAD MÓR—WE WILL TAKE THE HIGHWAY.

KEY A.—*Lively, with marked time.*


SEISD— Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mór, Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mór; Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mór
CHORUS—We will take the good old way, We will take the good old way, We will take the good old way, The


FINE.
Olc air mhath le càch e. Diridh sinn ri beinn an fhraoich Tèarnaidh sinn ri gleann nan laogh,
way that lies before us; Climbing stiff the heath'ry ben, Winding swiftly down the glen;

D.C. for CHORUS.


'S cha 'n 'eil fear de luchd-nam-braoisg Nach leig sinn gaoir a' mhàileid.
Should we meet with stragglers then, Their gear will serve to store us.

Olc air mhath le Cloinn-an-t-Saoir,
Olc air mhath le Cloinn-an-t-Saoir,
Olc air mhath le Cloinn-an-t-Saoir,
'S bodaich mhaol an làgain.
Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

Thar a' mhonaidh null 'n ar sgrìob,
Sìos Gleann-Comhann air bheag sgìos,
Mèarsaidh sinn 'an ainm an Rìgh,
Olc air mhath le càch e.
Gabnaidh sinn, &c.

Gu Mac-'ic-Alasdair 's Lochial,
Bith'dh iad leinn mar bha iad riamh,
'S Fear-na-Ceapach mar ar miann,
Olc air mhath le càch e.
Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

Thig Clann-a-Phearsoin, feachd nam buadh,
'S thig Cloinn-Choinnich o'n Taobh-tuath,
'S mairg an dream do 'n nochd iad fuath,
'N uair dh' éireas gruaim nam blàr orr'.
Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

Thig Clann-Ghriogair' garg 's an strì
'Us Stiùbhartaich, 's iad sluagh an Rìgh;
Mèarsaibh uallach,—suas a' phlob!
Olc air mhath le càch e.
Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

MacIntyres watch on hill;
Be their wishes good or ill,
We will keep, whate'er their will,
The way that lies before us.
We will up &c.

O'er the mountain's rocky steep,
Down Glencoe our course will keep;
In the King's name we will sweep
The rebels on before us.
We will up &c.

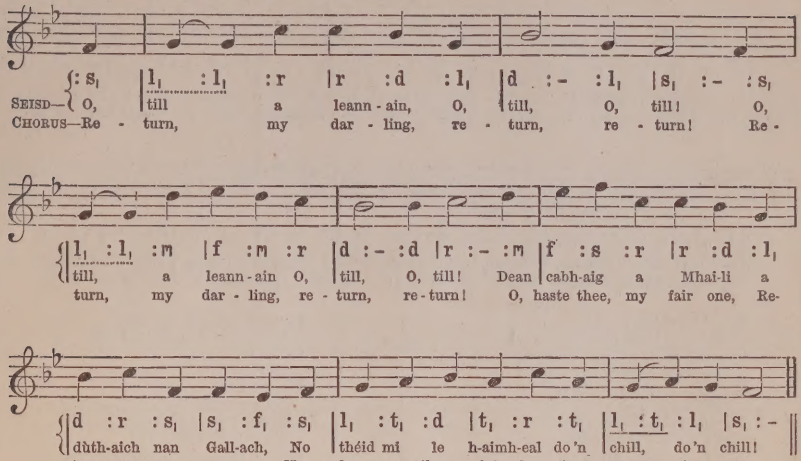
To Glengarry and Locheil,
Keppoch trusty, true as steel,
Hearts and claymores ever leal,
As were their sires' before them.
We will up &c.

Bold MacPhersons will come forth,
With MacKenzies from the north:—
Where be they would try their worth
In battle's strife before them?
We will up, &c.

Fierce MacGregors, to us speed,
Stewarts of the royal seed—
Bag pipes ready,—pipers, lead
The way that lies before us!
We will up &c

Gaelic words attributed to JOHN BRECK MAC KENDRICK. Translation by C. M. P.

43—O, TILL, A LEANNAIN—RETURN, MY DARLING.

KEY B♭.—*Moderato, beating twice in the measure.*

SEISD— O, till a leann-ain, O, till, O, till! O,
CHORUS—Re- turn, my dar-ling, re- turn, re- turn! Re-
till, a leann-ain O, till, O, till! Dean cabh-aig a Mhai-li a
turn, my dar-ling, re- turn, re-turn! O, haste thee, my fair one, Re-
dùth-aich nan Gall-ach, No théid mi le h-aimh-eal do'n chill, do'n chill!
turn now, my rare one, Nor leave me thus dai-ly to mourn, to mourn.

O thus' a gheibh sealladh de m' ghaol, de m' ghaol,
Thoir fios dhi gu 'n robh i dhomh féin, dhomh féin,
Mar chridhe do m' bhroilleach,
Mar iùl-chairt do 'n mharaich', [t-saogh'l.
Mar ait-ghréin an Earraich do 'n t-saogh'l, do 'n

O, c' àite 'm bheil coimeas do m' luaidh, do m luaidh?
Mar ròs air uchd eala tha 'gruaidh, tha 'gruaidh;
Clàr-aghaidh a's gile
Na 'm bainne 'g a shileadh,
No 'ghrian 's i gu luidhe 's a' chuan, 's a' chuan.

Na 'm faiceadh tu 'pearsa gun mheang, gun mheang—
Na 'n cluinneadh tu 'labhairt gun sgraing, gun
Na 'm biodh tu le m' chruinneig [sgraing—
'N àm togail nan luinneag,
Gu 'n lasadh do chridhe gun taing, gun taing.

Mo chridhe-sa! 's tusa 'bhios truagh, 'bhios truagh,
Mur pill is' 'thog oirre gu Cluaidh, gu Cluaidh:—
Gu 'm b' fheàrr na bhi maille
Ri té eil' air thalamh,
Bhi ùnnte ri m' Mhaili 's an uaigh, 's an uaigh!

If ever my loved one you see, you see,
O, tell her that she was to me, to me,
A chart for life 's ocean,
A heart for each motion,
My sun and my portion was she, was she.

O, what with my love may compare, compare?
Not the swan or the rose so fair, so fair;
Much whiter I trow,
Than snow is her brow,
Or the sun setting low, so fair, so fair.

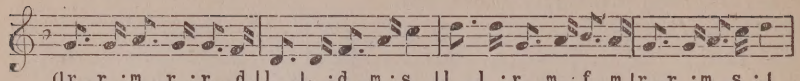
If you on my dear one should gaze, should gaze,
If you were to hear what she says, she says,
If you heard my pretty
One singing her ditty,
Your bosom would get in a blaze, a blaze.

But if she forsake me, my gloom, my gloom!
All pleasure and strength shall consume, consume,
And rather than stray
With another away,
I would lie with my May in the tomb, the tomb.

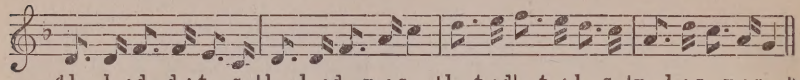
Gaelic words by EVAN MACCOLL. Translation from "FIONN'S CELTIC GARLAND."

44—MAIRI LAGHACH—WINSOME MARY.

KEY F.—*Moderato.*



SEISD. Hó, mo Mhàiri laghach, 's tu mo Mhàiri bhinn! Hó, mo Mhàiri laghach s tu mo Mhàiri ghrinn;
CHORUS. Hey, my winsome Ma - ry, Ma - ry, fondly free! Hey, my winsome Ma - ry, Mary, mine to be!



Hó, mo Mhàiri laghach, 's tu mo Mhàiri bhiun; Màiri bhòidheach lurach, 'rugadh anns na glinn.
Winsome, handsome Mary— who so fair as she! My own Highland lassie, dear as life to me.

B'og bha mise 's Màiri
'M fàsaichean Ghlinn-smeòil,
'N uair 'chuir macan Venuis
Saighead gheur 'n am fheòil
Tharruing sinn ri chéile,
Ann an eud cho beò,
'S nach robh air an t-saoghal
A thug gaol cho mòr.

Ged bu leamsa Albainn,
A h-airgiod 'us a maoin,
Cia mar bhithinn sona
Gun do chomunn gaoil?
B' annsa bhi 'g ad phògadh
Le deagh chòir dhomh féin,
Na ged gheibhinn stòras
Na Roinn-Eòrp' gu léir.

Tha d' fhalt bachlach, dualach,
Mu do chluais a' fás,
Thug nàdur gach buaidh dha
Thar gach gruag a bha:
Cha 'n 'eil dragh, no tuairgne,
'N a chur suas gach là;
Chas gach ciabh mu'n cuairt deth,
'S e 'n a dhuail gu 'bhàrr.

Tha do chailc-dheud snaighte
Geal mar shneachd nan àrd;
D' anail mar an caineal;
Beul o 'm banail fàilt:
Gruaidh air dhreach an t-siris;
Min-ruisg chinnealt, thlà;
Mala chaol gun ghruaman,
Gnùis gheal, 's cuach-fhalt bàn.

Cha robh inneal ciùil
A fhuaireadh riamh fo 'n ghréin,
A dh'aithriseadh air chòir
Gach ceòl bhiodh againn féin
Uiseag air gach lònan,
Smeòrach air gach géig;
Cuthag 'us gùg gùg aic',
'Madainn chùbhraidh Chéit.

Long ere in my bosom
Lodged love's arrow keen,
Often with my Mary
In Glensmoil I 've been;
Happy hours succeeded
By affection true,
Till there seemed 'neath heaven
No such loving two!

What although all Albinn
And its wealth were mine,
How, without thee, darling,
Could I fail to pine?
As my bride to kiss thee,
I would prize far more
Than the all of treasure
Europe has in store.

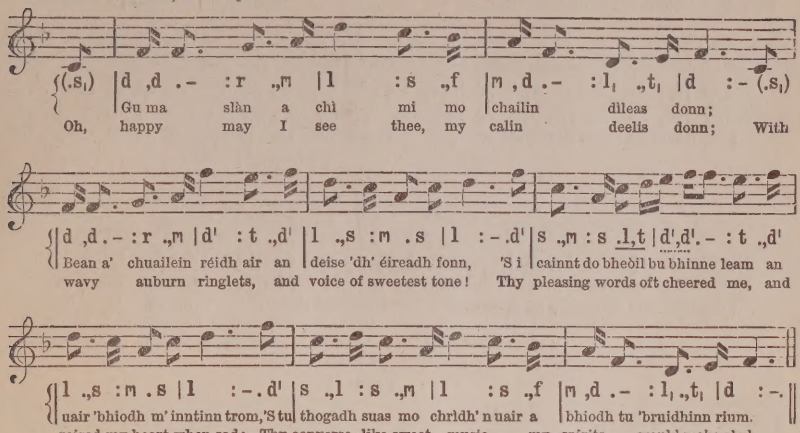
What a wealth of tresses
Mary dear can show!
Crown of lustre rarer
Ne'er graced maiden brow!
'Tis but little dressing
Need those tresses rare,
Falling fondly, proudly,
O'er her shoulders fair.

Hers are teeth whose whiteness
Snow alone can peer;
Hers the breath all fragrance,
Voice of loving cheer;
Cheeks of cherry ripeness,
Eyelids drooping down,
Neath a forehead never
Shadowed by a frown.

No mere music art-born
Ere our pleasure crowned;—
Music far more cheering
Nature for us found;
Larks in air, and thrushes
On each flow'ring thorn,
And the Cuckoo hailing
Summer's gay return!

Gaelic words by J. MAC DONALD, Lochbroom. Translation by EVAN MAC COLL.

45—MO CHAILIN DÌLEAS DONN—MY FAITHFUL AUBURN MAID.

KEY F.—*Moderato, with expression.*

(.s1) |d ,d .- :r ,m |l :s ,f |m ,d .- :l1 ,t1 |d :-(.s1)
Gu ma slàn a chì mi mo chailin dìleas donn;
Oh, happy may I see thee, my calin deelis donn; With
|d ,d.- :r ,m |d' :t ,d' |l ,s :m .s |l :-.d' |s ,m :s l,t |d',d'.- :t ,d'
Bean a' chuailein réidh air an deise 'dh' éireadh fonn, 'S i cainnt do bheòil bu bhinne leam an
wavy auburn ringlets, and voice of sweetest tone! Thy pleasing words oft cheered me, and
|l ,s :m .s |l :-.d' |s ,l :s ,m |l :s ,f |m ,d .- :l1 ,t1 |d :-.
uair 'bhiodh m' inntinn trom,'S tu thogadh suas mo chrìdh' n uair a bhiodh tu 'bruidhinn rium.
raised my heart when sad; Thy converse, like sweet music, my spirits would make glad.

Gur muladach a ta mi
'S mi nochd air àird' a' chuain,
'S neo-shunndach mo chadal dhomh
'S do chaidreamh fada bhuam;
Gur tric mi ort a' smaointeach,
As d' aogais tha mi truagh;
'Us mur a dèan mi d'fhaotainn
Cha bhi mo shaoghal buan.

Sùil chorrach mar an dearcag
Fo rosg a dh'iadhas dlùth;
Gruaidhean mar an caorann,
Fo'n aodann 'tha leam ciùin;
Mur d' aithris iad na breugan
Gu'n d' thug mi féin duit rùn;
'S gur bliadhna leam gach là
O'n uair a dh'fhàg mi thu.

Tacan mu'n do sheòl sinn
Is ann a thòisich càch
Ri ìnnseadh do mo chruinneig-sa
Nach tillinn-sa gu bràth:
Na cuireadh sud ort gruaimean,
A luaidh, ma bhios mi slàn,
Cha chum dad idir uait mi
Ach saighead chruaidh a' Bhàis.

Tha'n t-snaim a nise ceangailte
Gu daingeann agus teann;
'Us their luchd na fanaid rium
Nach 'eil mo phrothaid ann:
Am fear aig a' bheil fortan,
Tha crois aige 'n a cheann,
'S tha mire taingeil, toilichte
Ged tha mo sporan gann.

My heart is torn with anguish
This night upon the sea,
And restless are my slumbers
Since far away from thee.
How oft my thoughts entwine thee,
Though absent from my view!
And if I may not claim thee,
My days shall be but few.

Beneath thy pencilled eyebrows
Are eyes like berries blue,
Thy cheeks are like the rowans
Of red and ripest hue;
I will confess with gladness
That I this maid adore,—
Each day has seemed a year
Since we parted on the shore.

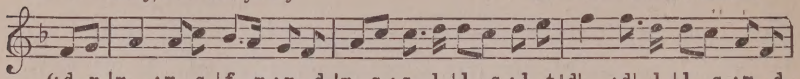
A while before we parted
They sought to grieve thee sore,
And said unto my maiden
I should return no more.
Heed not their cruel slander;
My love, if naught betide,
I 'll come again to see thee,
And claim thee for my bride.

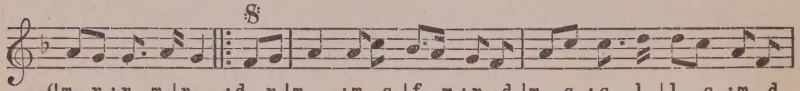
The knot is tied securely
That binds me to my dear,
Though mocking foes are saying
'Twill bring me little gear;
The man who weds a fortune
Its cross has oft to bear,
So I am quite contented
Although my purse be spare.

Gaelic words by HECTOR MAC KENZIE, Ullapool. Translation by "FIONN."

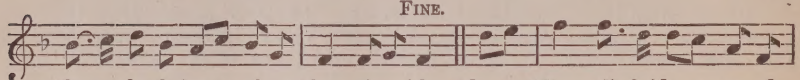
46—FUADACH NAN GAIDHEAL—THE DISPERSION OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

KEY F.—*Slowly, with much feeling.* Air—"Lord Lovat's Lament."

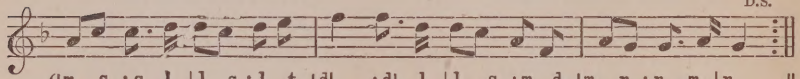

Gur-a mis - e 'tha tùrs - ach, a' caoidh cor na dùth-cha, 'S nan seann daoine cùm - eil 'bha
I mourn for the Highlands, now drear and for - sak - en, The land of my fa - thers, the


S
cliùiteach 'us treun; Rinn uachd-rain am fuadach gu fada null thar chuan - tan Am
gal - lant and brave; To make room for the sportsman their lands were all ta - ken, And
'S am fonn a bha àl - uinn chaidh chur fo chaoraich bhàna, Tha
Where once smiled the gar - den, rank weeds have their sta - tion, And

FINE.


fearann chaidh thoirt uapa 's thuirt suas do na féidh.
they had to seek out new homes o'er the wave.
feanntagach 's a' ghàr - adh 's an làr - ach fo fheur.
deer are pre - ferr'd to a leal - hearted race.
'S e sud a' chulaidh nàir - e bhi
Oh, shame on the ty - rants who

D.S.


faic-inn dhaoine làid - ir 'G am fuadach thar sàil - e mar bhàrr - lach gun fheum;
brought de - so - la - tion, Who banished the brave, and put sheep in their place,

Far an robh móran dhaoine
Le 'm mnathan 'us le 'n teaghlaich,
Cha'n 'eil ach caoraich-mhaola
Ri fhaotainn 'n an àit':
Cha 'n fhaicear air a' bhuaile
A' bhanarach le 'buaraich,
No idir an crodh guaill-fhionn
'S am buachaille bàn.

Tha 'n uiseag anns na speuran,
A' seinn a luinneig gleusda,
'S gun neach ann 'g a h-éisdeachd
'N uair dh' éireas i árd;
Cha till, cha till na daoine
Bha cridheil agus aoibheil—
Mar mholl air latha gaoithe
Chaidh 'n sgaoileadh gu bràth.

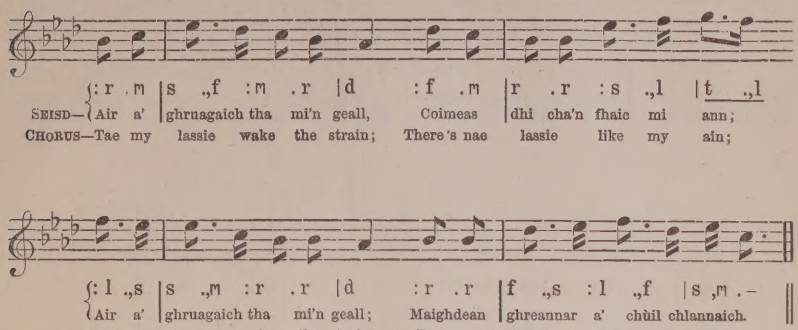
Oh! where are the parents
And bairns yonder roaming?
The scene of their gladness
Is far o'er the main;
No blithe-hearted milkmaid
Now cheers us at gloaming;
The herd-boy no longer
Is seen on the plain.

The lark still is soaring,
And sings in her glory,
With no one to listen
Her sweet morning lay;
The clansmen are gone—
But their deeds live in story—
Like chaff in the wind,
They were borne far away.

Gaelic words and translation by "FIONN."

47—A' GHRUAGACH BHANAIL—THE BLYTHESOME LASSIE.

KEY A♭.—*Moderato.* Air—"Bithibh aotrom 's togaibh fonn."


:r .m |s .,f :m .r |d :f .m |r .r :s .,l |t .,l
SEISD—Air a' ghruagaich tha mi'n geall, Coimeas dhi cha'n fhaic mi ann;
CHORUS—Tae my lassie wake the strain; There's nae lassie like my ain;
:l .,s |s .,m :r .r |d :r .r |f .,s :l .,f |s ,m .-
Air a' ghruagaich tha mi'n geall; Maighdean ghreannar a' chùil chlannaich.
Light and air - y wake the strain Tae my bonnie blythesome lassie.

Fhir a shiùbhlas greis mu thuath,
Thoir na beannachdan so bhuam
Thun na rìbhinn bhanail, shuairc',
'Tha mu'n Chaisteal-ruadh a' fanachd.

Fhuair mi eòlas oirr' 's mi òg,
'S sinn le chéile air bheag gò;—
'N gaol a thug mi 'n sin do'n òigh'
Bithidh e ri m' bheò air m' aire.

'S iomadh maise agus buaidh
A tha oirre fàs a suas;
Trian diubh so cha'n fhaod mi 'luaidh,
Ged 's i Ghàidhlig chruaidh a th' agam.

Tha a gruaidhean mar na ròis;
Tha a cneas mar chanach lòin;
Tha a beusan banail fòi,
'Us a còmhradh mòdhar, tairis.

'Nuair a sheinneas i an duan,
'S i le càch a' bleoghann bhuar,
Feumaidh smeòraich air a' bhruaich
'N ceileireadh thoirt suas car tamull.

Ach ma 's beò mi gu Dir-daoin,
Ni mi seòl air bhi r' a taobh;
'S cinnteach mi a fàilt, le aoidh,
Geanalachd 'us faoilt, o'n ainnir.

Ye wha northward tak yer way,
If ye wad a kindness dae,
Bear my salutations gay
Tae my ain, my blythesome lassie.

Our first meeting weel I min',
In our youthful days langsyne,
And the love shall never crine
That I bear my blythesome lassie.

Words o' mine could never trace
A' the wondrous wealth o' grace
That bedecks the form and face
O' my bonnie blythesome lassie.

Cheeks like roses blooming bright,
Mien like *canach* downy white,
Speech and manners a' that 's right,
O' my bonnie blythesome lassie.

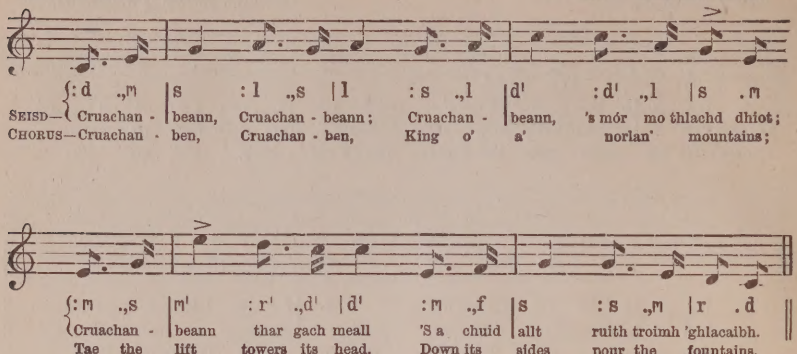
When she sings her evening sang
Wi' the merry milk-maids thrang,
A' the birds, the trees amang,
Hush tae hear my blythesome lassie.

If to morrow I 'm alive,
To be wi' her I will strive;
Welcome kind, when I arrive,
Waits me frae my blythesome lassie.

Gaelic words by "MACTALLA." Translation by Mr M. MAC FARLANE.

48—CRUACHAN-BEANN—CRUACHAN-BEN.

KEY C.—*With animation.* Air—"Brochan buirn."


SEISD—Cruachan - beann, Cruachan - beann; Cruachan - beann, 's mór mo thlachd dhiot;
CHORUS—Cruachan - ben, Cruachan - ben, King o' a' norlan' mountains;
Cruachan - beann thar gach meall 'S a chuid allt ruith troimh 'ghlacaibh.
Tae the lift towers its head, Down its sides pour the fountains.

Cruachan-beann 's e cho mòr,
Tha e sònraicht' r'a fhaicinn—
Cha 'n 'eil a leithid 's an Roinn-Eòrp',
'S geal a chòta 'n àm sneachda.

Cloinn-an-t-Saoir d'am bu dual
'Bhi 'n ad chluanagan fasgach,
An diugh cha'n fhaic mi aon do'n àl
'Gabhail tàmh ann ad thaice.

'S iomadh linn bho 'n fhuair iad còir
Air a' bheinn a's bòidhch' r'a faicinn;
'S cho fad' 's a ruitheas uillt gu cuan
Bith'dh an dualchas ud aca.

An Leitir-beann chaidh m' àrach òg—
Leitir bhòidheach nam badan;
Gheibhteadh fiadh ann air an t-sliabh,
'S earbag ria'ch anns gach glac dheth.

Aite 's maisiche fo 'n ghréin
Chaoidh cha léir dhomh r'a fhaicinn;
'S bho 'n a chuir iad thu fo fhéidh,
'S goirt mo dheur 'gabhail beachd ort.

Soraidh 'nis le Cruachan-beann,
'S leis gach coire 's gleann tha 'n taic ris:
'S e mo dhùrachd Cloinn-an-t-Saoir
A bhi daonnan 'n a thaice.

Noblest hill e'er I saw!
It is grander a hantle
Than ought Europe can show,
When it wears its snowy mantle.

MacIntyres were the clan
That its precincts frequentit;
Noo there 's nane o' them there,
And fu' sair I lament it.

'Twas in days o' langsyne
Bonnie Cruachan they claimit,
And as lang as water flows
Still on it they 'll be namit.

I was reared at Letter-ben,
Far the grandest of onie;
Deers and roes boundit free
O'er its knowes green and bonnie.

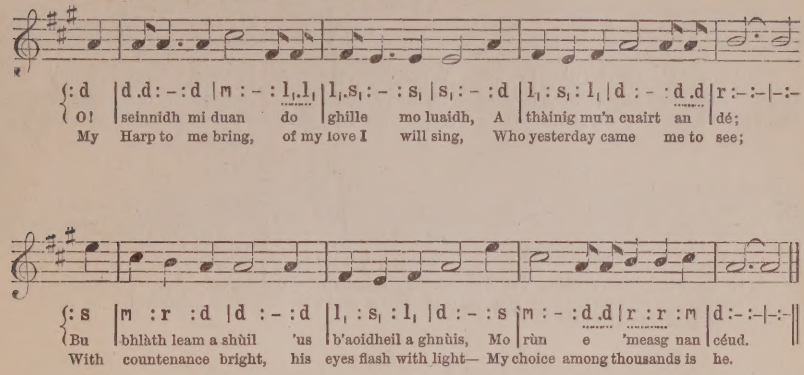
I nae mair shall behold
Spot on earth half sae takin';
But they 've placed thee under deer,
And my heart 's nigh a-breakin'.

Fare thee well, Cruachan ben!
Every scaur, glen and fountain!
Lang may MacIntyres be found
Near their ain glorious mountain.

Gaelic words modern. Translation by C. M. P.

49—GILLE MO LUAIDH—THE LAD I LOVE WELL.

Key A.– *Moderato, beating twice in the measure.*


O! seinnidh mi duan do ghille mo luaidh, A thàinig mu'n cuairt an dé;
My Harp to me bring, of my love I will sing, Who yesterday came me to see;
Bu bhlàth leam a shùil 'us b'aoidheil a ghnùis, Mo rùn e 'measg nan céud.
With countenance bright, his eyes flash with light— My choice among thousands is he.

Ged tha thu 's an tìom glé fhada bho 'n tìr
'S am b'àbhaist do d' shìnnsear bhi 'n tàmh;
Tha 'n Gàidheal a'd chrìdh 's cha ghabh e cur
Le nì 's am bith ach am bàs. [sìos.

S ann an Apuinn nan Stuadh a thuinich do
Na Stiùbhartaich uasal àrd; [shluagh,
'S ann doibh a bu dual bhi colgarra cruaidh;
Is iad nach tilleadh 's a' chàs.

Ged sgaipteadh 's an uair na fàilleinean uain'
A thàinig bho shluagh nam beann,
Tha 'n spiorad mar bha, 'us bithidh gu bràth,
A' ruith anns gach àl d'an clann.

Gach lusan d'an fhraoch tha sgaipte 's an t-saoghal,
'N uair ruigeas e taobh nam beann,
Tha smuaintean a chrìdh a' tilleadh gun strìth,
A dh' ionnsaidh na tìom a bh' ann.

Mo chead leat an dràsd, O 'ille mo ghràidh,
'Us till rinn gun dàil mu thuath;
'S gu'n cuir sinn ort fàilt le furan 'us àigh,
'S le cridheachan blàth 'g a luaidh.

Tho' distant, retired from the land of thy sires,
Where they lived in the brave days of old,
The Gael from thy heart shall never depart,
Till silent and cold in the mould.

From Appin they came, in history famed,
The Stewarts of high pedigree;
Courageous and bold when facing the foe,
They never were known to flee.

Tho' scattered have been the branches so green,
Brave sons of the mountains wild!
The spirit remains for ever the same,
Descending from parent to child.

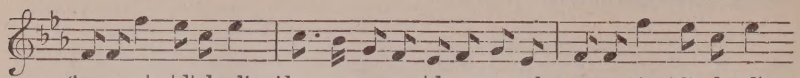
Each sprig of the heather, that long has been
On reaching the mountain so green, [severed,
His spirit returns, and is kindled by love,
As he thinks of the days that have been.

I must now bid farewell to the lad I love well:
Come back again soon to the North:
Here a welcome thou'lt find, both hearty and kind,
From hearts overflowing with mirth.

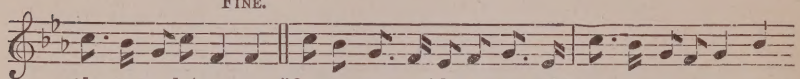
Gaelic words by JOHN CAMPBELL, Ledaig. Translation by "FIONN."

50—EILIDH BHÀN—AILIE BAIN.

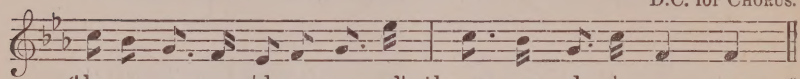
KEY E♭.—*Moderato.* Air—"Buain na rainich."*


r .r :r' |d'.l :d' |l .,s :m .r |d .r :m .d |r .r :r' |d' .l :d'
SEISD—Eilidh bhàn Choire-chnàimh, Maighdean bhanail nam beus ceanail, Eilidh bhàn Choire-chnàimh,
CHORUS—Ailie Bain o' the glen, Bonnie lassie, winsome lassie; Ailie Bain o' the glen,

FINE.


l .,s :m .l |r :r |l .s :m .,r |d .r :m .,d |l .,s :m .r |m :s
Có nach tugadh gaol dhi? Mi'n so 'm aonar 's manadh pòig orm O'n mhnaoi òig's rùn cléibh dhomh,
Wha could help but lo'e her? Here wi' lips foretok'ning kisses, Waiting dull and wearie;

D.C. for CHORUS.


l .s :m .,r |d .r :m .,d' |l .,s :m .,l |r :r
'S beag an t-ioghnadh cainnt mo chrìdh bhi "Greas a nìos ort, éud - ail!"
'Tis nae wonder my heart's wish is— Quickly come, my dear - ie.

Gaol gach gille, cliù gach filidh,
Tuath no deas gu'n téid mi—
Na 'm b'fhear-dhàn mi mar a b' àill leam
Gu là bhràth bhiodh sgeul ort.
Eilidh bhàn, &c.

Gun dad fasgaidh ach mo bhreacan,
'S mo lamh dheas mu d' chaol-chrios,
Sud mar fhuair mi 'n oidhche 's buaine
Tric ro-luath 'g ar sgaoileadh.

Ged tha fear-a'-Bhràighe, thall ud,
'S ciadan eile 'n déigh ort,
'S leam-sa, neothar-thaing dhoibh uile,
Gaol us furan m' éudail!

'S truagh nach b'ann an nochd, a leannain,
Dh' òlar deoch na réite;
'N sin le 'r gairm, gu Cill-a'-Mhunna
Cha bu ruith ach leum leam.

A' the lads are daft about ye;
A' the bardies praise ye;
Were I ane mysel', I doubt na
I 'd gang rhymin' crazy.
Ailie Bain, &c.

On the cauld nichts tho' my plaidie
Sheltered us but sparely,
Yet my partin' frae beside ye
Seem'd tae come owre early.

What, tho' monied cuifs endeavour
Wi' their gowd tae lure ye,
True tae me yer heart beats ever;
Ne'er shall they secure ye.

Would this e'ening saw them risin'
Frae our bottling, Ailie;
Tae Kilmun tae put the cries in
I wad trip it gaily.

Gaelic words by EVAN MAC COLL. Translation by MR M. MAC FARLANE

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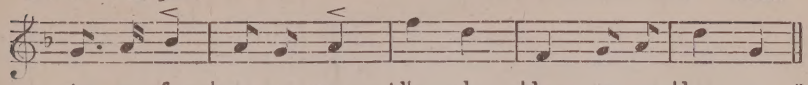
* This air is extremely popular, and ever associated with a Fairy Song, of which the following is a fragment—

Tha mi sgìth 's mi leam fhìn,
Buain na rainich, buain na rainich;
Tha mi sgìth 's mi leam fhìn,
Buain na rainich daonnan.

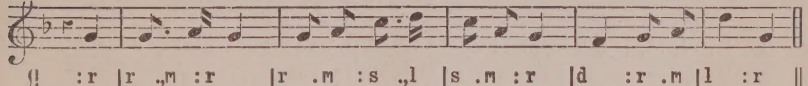
Cùl an tomain, bràigh an tomain,
Cùl an tomain bhòidhich;
Cùl an tomain, bràigh an tomain,
H-uile làtha 'm ònar.

51—MO NIGHEAN DONN—MY BROWN MAID.

KEY F.—*With spirit.* FINE.



D.C. for CHORUS.


'S mithich dhòmh-sa dol dachaidh, Tha mi fad' air mo chéilidh, Mo nigh'n donn.
'Tis time to go homeward, Far too long was my sojourn, My neen donn.

'S mór gruaman na h-iarmailt,
'S gaoth an iar a' cruaidh-shéideadh,
Mo nigh'n donn.

Tha na tonnan 's a' ghàraich,
'Tigh'n gu tràigh le greann éitidh,
Mo nigh'n donn.

Tha na cithean trom sneachda
'Dall-ghleachd anns na speuraibh,
Mo nigh'n donn.

Tha na h-uillt le dearg-rànaich
'Sguabadh sgàrnaich nan sléibhtean,
Mo nigh'n donn.

Tha na craobhan mór, miarach,
As am friamhaich 'g an reubadh,
Mo nigh'n donn.

Tha eòin bhùchain nan cluaintean
Leis an uamhas 'g an léireadh,
Mo nigh'n donn.

'S eòin bheaga na coille
Gob, 's an doire, fo'n sgéithe,
Mo nigh'n donn.

'S bochd nuallan nan aighean
Air na sraithean lom glé-gheal,
Mo nigh'n donn.

'S truagh mise 'n tìr Oisein
'S mi gun soistinn mu m' éudail,
Mo nigh'n donn.

Far an d' fhàg mi mo leannan,
Maighdean channach na féille!
Mo nigh'n donn.

Gloomy low'rs the dark welkin;
Fierce the west wind is blowing.
Mo neen donn.

Roll the crested waves hoary
To the shore with weird moaning.
Mo neen donn.

From the heavens, blind striving,
Fall the driving white snowflakes.
Mo neen donn.

Loud bellow the fountains
Down the mountain side pouring.
Mo neen donn.

See, the branching high oaktrees
On the snow are stretched lowly.
Mo neen doon.

Hear the birds of the meadows
In their terror chirp doleful.
Mo neen donn.

In the woods the sweet singers
Under wing their heads stow them.
Mo neen donn.

Hear the cows on the meadows
Standing plaintively lowing.
Mo neen donn.

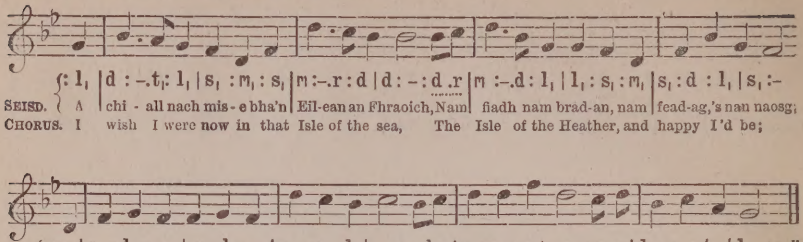
In the land of old Ossian
My sad loss I 'm deploring.
Mo neen donn.

Where I left her, my dear one,
My own peerless adored one.
Mo neen donn.

Gaelic words old. English words by C. M. P.

52—EILEAN AN FHRAOICH—THE ISLE OF THE HEATHER.

KEY B♭.—*Boldly, beating twice in the measure.*


SEISD. A chi - all nach mis - e bha'n Eil-ean an Fhraoich, Nam fiadh nam brad-an, nam fead-ag, 's nan naosg;
CHORUS. I wish I were now in that Isle of the sea, The Isle of the Heather, and happy I'd be;
(Nan lochan, nan òban, nan osan 's nan caol—Eilean inn-is nam bò, 's àite còmhnuidh nan laoch.
With deer in its mountains, and fish in its rills, Where heroes have lived 'mong its heath-cover'd hills.

An t-Eilean ro mhaiseach,
Gur pailt ann am biadh;
'S e Eilean a's àillt' air 'n
Do dhealraich a' ghrian;
'S e Eilean mo ghràidh-s' e,
Bha 'Ghàidhlig ann riamh;
'S cha 'n fhalbh i gu bràth
Gus an tràigh an cuan siar!

'N àm éiridh na gréine
Air a shléibhtibh bith'dh ceò,
Bith'dh a' bhanarach ghuanach
'S a' bhuarach 'n a dòrn
Ri gabhail a duanaig
'S i cuallach nam bò,
'S mac-talla nan creag
Ri toirt freagairt d' a ceòl.

Air feasgar an t-Samhraidh
Bith'dh sunnd air gach spréidh;
Bith'dh a' chuthag 'us fonn oirr'
Ri òran di fhéin;
Bith'dh uiseag air lòn
Agus smeòrach air géig,
'S air cnuic ghlas' 'us leòideau
Uain òga ri leum.

Na'm faighinn mo dhùrachd
'S e 'lùgainn bhi òg,
'S gun ghnothach aig aois rium
Fhad 's a dh' fhaodainn bhi beò,
Bhi 'n am bhuachaill' air àiridh
Fo sgàil nam beann mòr'
Far am faighinn an càis'
'S bainne-blàth air son òl.

Cha 'n fhacas air talamh
Leam sealladh a's bòidhch'
Na 'ghrian a' dol sìos
Air taobh siar Eilean Leòghas;
'N crodh-laoidh anns an luachair,
'S am buachaill' 'n an tòir
'G an tional gu àiridh
Le àl de laoigh òg'.

This dearest of Isles
Is so fertile and fair,
That no other island
May with it compare;
Here Gaelic was spoken
In ages gone by,
And here it will live
Till the ocean runs dry.

At dawning of day
When there 's mist on the hill,
The milkmaids go skipping
By fountain and rill;
When milking their cattle
They raise a sweet song,
And softly the echoes
The chorus prolong.

The notes of the cuckoo
Are welcomed in May,
And the blackbird sings blithe
'Mong the silvery spray;
The lark and the mavis
Pour forth their sweet lay,
While the lambs in the meadows
Are sprightly at play.

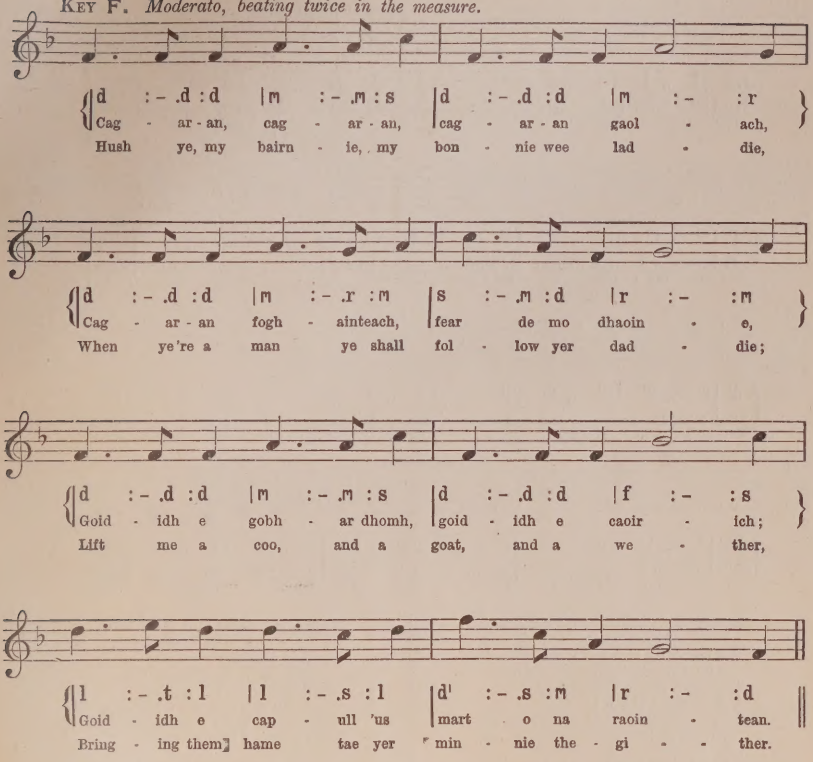
Could I get my wish,
And be once more a boy,
I 'd thither return
And its pleasures enjoy,
A shepherd, to wander
O'er heather-clad hills,
And drink a cool draught
From its bright mountain rills.

There ne'er was a picture
More lovely to see,
Than the sun as he sinks
In the blue western sea,
When homeward the cattle
Are wending their way,
And all things are still,
At the close of the day.

Gaelic words by M. MAC LEOD, Govan. Translation by "FIONN."

53—CAGARAN GAOLACH—HUSH YE, MY BAIRNIE.

KEY F. *Moderato, beating twice in the measure.*


d :- .d :d |m :- .m :s |d :- .d :d |m :- :r
Cag - ar - an, cag - ar - an, cag - ar - an gaol - ach,
Hush ye, my bairn - ie, my bon - nie wee lad - die,
d :- .d :d |m :- .r :m |s :- .m :d |r :- :m
Cag - ar - an fogh - ainteach, fear de mo dhaoin - e,
When ye're a man ye shall fol - low yer dad - die;
d :- .d :d |m :- .m :s |d :- .d :d |f :- :s
Goid - idh e gobh - ar dhomh, goid - idh e caoir - ich;
Lift me a coo, and a goat, and a we - ther,
l :- .t :l |l :- .s :l |d' :- .s :m |r :- :d
Goid - idh e cap - ull 'us mart o na raoin - tean.
Bring - ing them hame tae yer min - nie the - gi - ther.

Cagaran laghach thu, cagaran caomh thu,
Cagaran odhar, na cluinneam do chaoine;
Goididh e gobhar 'us goididh e caoirich,
Goididh e sithionn o fhireach an aonaich.

Dean an cadalan 's dùin do shùilean;
Dean an cadalan beag ann mo sgùrdaich;
Rinn thu an cadalan, 's dhùin do shùilean,
Rinn thu an cadalan, slàn gu'n dùisg thu.

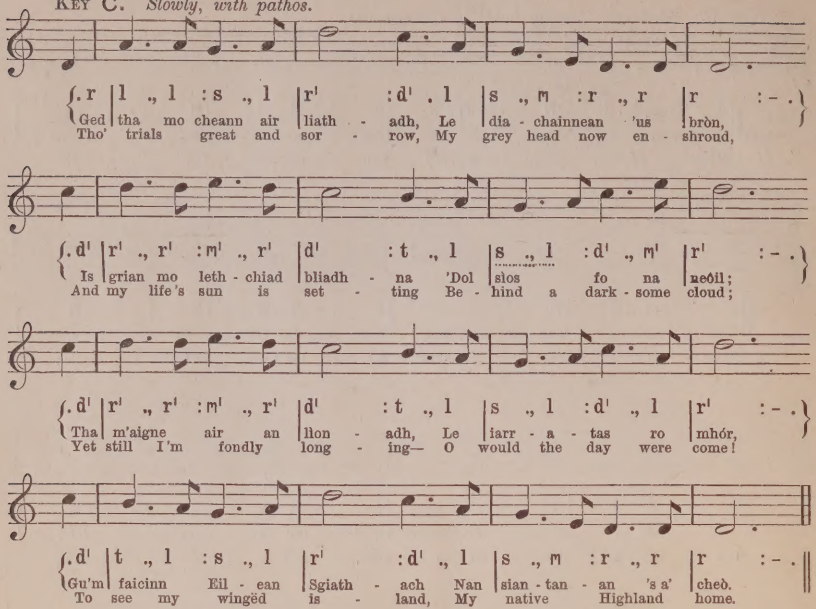
Hush ye, my bairnie, my bonnie wee lammie;
Routh o' guid things ye shall bring tae yer mammie;
Hare frae the meadow, and deer frae the mountain,
Grouse frae the muirlan', and trout frae the fountain.

Hush ye, my bairnie, my bonnie wee dearie;
Sleep! come and close the een, heavy and wearie;
Closed are the wearie een, rest ye are takin'—
Soun' be yer sleepin', and bright be yer wakin'.

Gaelic words old. Fragment of an old Lochaber lullaby. Translation by M. MACFARLANE.

54—EILEAN A' CHEO—THE ISLE OF MIST.

KEY C. *Slowly, with pathos.*


Ged tha mo cheann air liath - adh, Le dia - chainnean 'us bròn,
Tho' trials great and sor - row, My grey head now en - shroud,
Is grian mo leth - chiad bliadh - na 'Dol sìos fo na neòil;
And my life's sun is set - ting Be - hind a dark - some cloud;
Tha m'aigne air an lìon - adh, Le iarr - a - tas ro mhór,
Yet still I'm fondly long - ing— O would the day were come!
Gu'm faicinn Eil - ean Sgiath - ach Nan sian - tan - an 's a' cheò.
To see my wingëd is - land, My native Highland home.

Tha còrr 's dà fhichead bliadhna,
Bho'n thriall mi ás ga m' dheòin,
'S a chuir mi sìos mo lìon
Ann am miadhon baile-mòir;
'Us ged a fhuair mi iasgair
A lìon mo thigh le stòr,
Cha d' dhi-chuimhnich mi riamh
Eilean Sgiathanach a' cheò.

Ach có aig a bheil cluasan,
No cridh tha gluasad beò,
Nach seinneadh leam an duan so
M' an truaigh a thàinig òirnn?
Na mìltean a chaidh fhuadach,
A' toirt uath an cuid 's an còir,
A' smaointinn thar nan cuantan
Gu Eilean uaine 'cheò.

Beannachd leibh, a chàirdean,
Anns gach ceàrn tha fo na neòil,
Gach mac 'us nighean màthar,
A Eilean àrd a' cheò;
Is cuimhnichidh sibh Màiri,
'Nuair bhios i cnàmh fo'n fhòid—
'Se na dh'fhuiling mi de thàmailt
A thug mo bhàrdachd beò.

'Tis forty years and more now,
Since out from home I set,
And in the city's waters
Cast forth my fishing net.
And though I got a fisher
To fill my house with store;
Yet still I ne'er forgot thee,
My island home of yore.

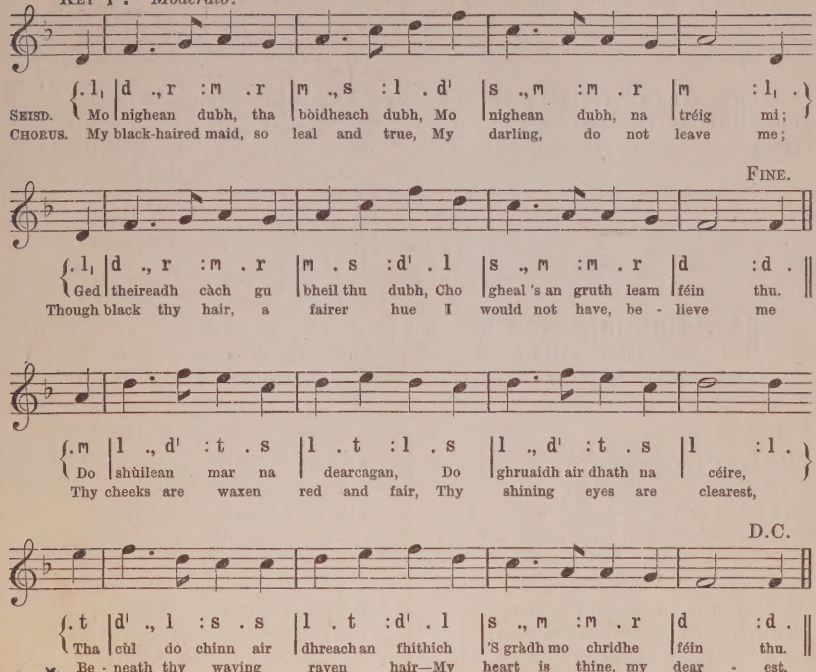
All who have ears to hear it,
Or tongues the tale to tell,
Come join with me in singing
The woes that us befell;
How thousands of our people
From hill and glen were torn,
And far across the ocean
From their loved isle were borne.

Farewell, dear friends and kinsfolk,
Wherever you may roam,
Both young and old, in exile,
Far from your island home;
And O, remember Mary,
When laid her sires among;
'Twas cruel wrong and sorrow
First wak'd her soul to song.

Gaelic Words by Mrs MARY MACPHERSON. (Màiri, nighean Iain Bhàin). Translation by ROBERT FERGUSON.

55—MO NIGHEAN DUBH—MY BLACK-HAIRED MAID.

KEY F. *Moderato.*


SEISD. Mo nighean dubh, tha bòidheach dubh, Mo nighean dubh, na tréig mi;
CHORUS. My black-haired maid, so leal and true, My darling, do not leave me;
FINE.
Ged theireadh càch gu bheil thu dubh, Cho gheal 's an gruth leam féin thu.
Though black thy hair, a fairer hue I would not have, be - lieve me
Do shùilean mar na dearcagan, Do ghruaidh air dhath na céire,
Thy cheeks are waxen red and fair, Thy shining eyes are clearest,
D.C.
Tha cùl do chinn air dhreach an fhithich 'S gràdh mo chridhe féin thu.
Be - neath thy waving raven hair—My heart is thine, my dear - est.

Sùil chorrach, ghorm fo chaol mhala
Bho'n tig an sealladh éibhinn,
Mar dhealt camhanaich 'san earrach,
'S mar dhriùchd meala céitein,
Mo nighean dubh, &c.

Tha 'falt dubh dualach, trom neo-luaidhte,
'N ceangal sguaib air m' euchdaig;
Gur bòidheach e mu d' chluasaibh
'Us cha mheas' an cuailein bréid e.
Mo nighean dubh, &c.

Is olc a rinn do chàirdean orm,
Is rinn iad pàirt ort féin deth,
'Nuair chuir iad ás an dùthaich thu,
'S mi 'n dùil gu'n dèanainn feum duit.
Mo nighean dubh, &c.

Thy large blue eyes, so mild and bright,
Beneath their lashes beaming,
Like lucid dew-drops when the light
Of morn is o'er them streaming.
My black-haired maid, &c.

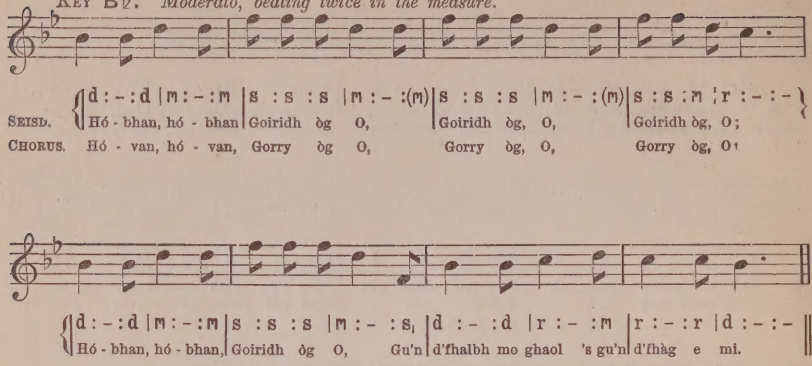
Thy glossy tresses from their snood
In waving fold unbraided,
Thou could'st not have a richer hood,
Or be more neatly shaded.
My black-haired maid, &c.

'Tis for the love I bear to thee—
A love with sorrow laden—
That thou art banished far from me,
My bonnie black-haired maiden.
My black-haired maid, &c.

Gaelic words by Rev. Dr. IRVINE, Little Dunkeld. Translation by L. MACBEAN.

56—AN COINEACHAN—A FAIRY LULLABY.

KEY B♭. *Moderato, beating twice in the measure.*


SEISD. d : - : d | m : - : m | s : s : s | m : - : (m) | s : s : s | m : - : (m) | s : s : m | r : - : -
Hó - bhan, hó - bhan Goiridh òg O, Goiridh òg, O, Goiridh òg, O;
CHORUS. Hó - van, hó - van, Gorry òg O, Gorry òg, O, Gorry òg, O!
d : - : d | m : - : m | s : s : s | m : - : s, | d : - : d | r : - : m | r : - : r | d : - : -
Hó - bhan, hó - bhan, Goiridh òg O, Gu'n d'fhalbh mo ghaol 's gu'n d'fhàg e mi.
Hó - van, hó - van, Gorry òg O, I've lost my dar - ling ba - by, O!

Dh' fhàg mi 'n so 'na shìneadh e,
'Na shìneadh e, 'na shìneadh e;
Gu'n d'fhàg mi 'n so 'na shìneadh e
'Nuair dh'fhalbh mi 'bhuain nam braoileagan.

I left my darling lying here,
A-lying here, a-lying here;
I left my darling lying here,
To go and gather blaeberries.

Fhuair mi lorg an dobhrain duinn,
An dobhrain duinn, an dobhrain duinn,
Gu'n d'fhuair mi lorg an dobhrain duinn;
'S cha d'fhuair mi lorg mo chóineachain!

I've found the wee brown otter's track,
The otter's track, the otter's track;
I've found the wee brown otter's track,
But ne'er a trace of baby, O!

Fhuair mi lorg na h-eal' air an t-snàmh,
Na h-eal' air an t-snàmh, na h-eal' air an t-snàmh,
Gu'n d'fhuair mi lorg na h-eal' air an t-snàmh,
'S cha d'fhuair mi lorg mo chóineachain!

I found the track of the swan on the lake,
The swan on the lake, the swan on the lake;
I found the track of the swan on the lake,
But not the track of baby, O!

Fhuair mi lorg an laoigh bhric dheirg,
An laoigh bhric dheirg, an laoigh bhric dheirg;
Gu'n d'fhuair mi lorg an laoigh bhric dheirg,
'S cha d'fhuair mi lorg mo chóineachain!

I found the track of the yellow fawn,
The yellow fawn, the yellow fawn:
I found the track of the yellow fawn,
But could not trace my baby, O!

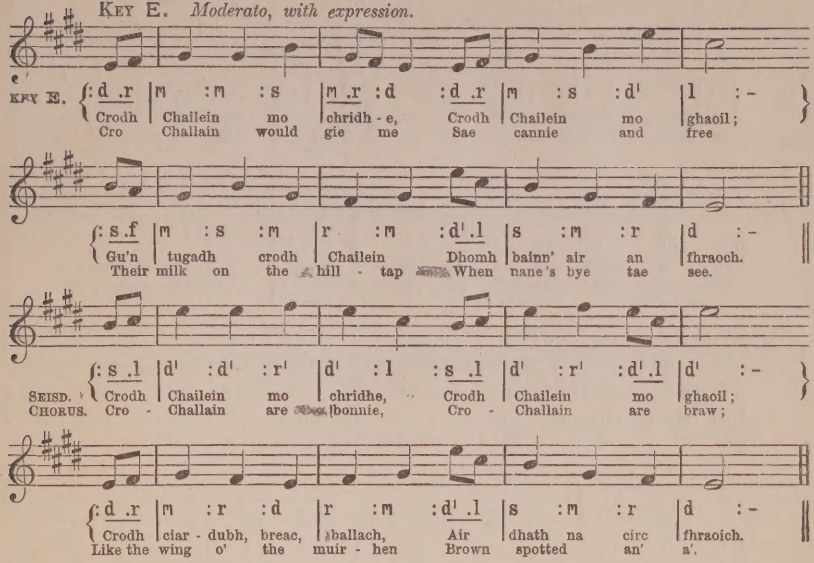
Fhuair mi lorg a' cheò 'sa' bheinn,
A' cheò 'sa' bheinn, a' cheò 'sa' bheinn;
Ged fhuair mi lorg a' cheò 'sa' bheinn
Cha d'fhuair mi lorg mo chóineachain.

I found the trail of the mountain mist,
The mountain mist, the mountain mist;
I found the trail of the mountain mist,
But ne'er a trace of baby, O!

Gaelic words old. Sung by a mother whose child was stolen by the fairies. Translation by L. MACBEAN.

57—CRODH CHAILEIN—COLIN'S CATTLE.

KEY E. *Moderato, with expression.*


KEY E.
Crodh Chailein mo chridh-e, Crodh Chailein mo ghaoil;
Cro Challain would gie me Sae cannie and free
Gu'n tugadh crodh Chailein Dhomh bainn' air an fhraoch.
Their milk on the hill-tap When nane's bye tae see.
SEISD. CHORUS.
Crodh Chailein mo chridhe, Crodh Chailein mo ghaoil;
Cro-Challain are bonnie, Cro-Challain are braw;
Crodh ciar-dubh, breac, ballach Air dhath na circ fhraoich.
Like the wing o' the muir-hen Brown spotted an' a'.

Gu'n tugadh crodh Chailein
Dhomh bainne gu leòir,
Air mullach a' mhunaidh,
Gun duine 'nar còir.
Crodh Chailein mo chridhe,
Crodh Chailein mo ghaoil;
Crodh lionadh nan gogan,
Crodh togail nan laogh.

Gu'n tugadh crodh Chailein
Dhomh bainn' air an raon,
Gun chuman gun bhuarach,
Gun luaircean, gun laogh.
Crodh Chailein mo chridhe,
Crodh Chailein mo ghaoil,
Gu h-eutrom 'san eadradh
A' beadradh ri 'n laoigh.

Gu bheil sac air mo chridhe,
'S tric snidh air mo ghruaidh,
Agus smuairean air m'aigne
Chum an cadal so bhuam.
Crodh Chailein mo chridhe,
Crodh Chailein mo ghaoil;
Crodh ciar-dubh, breac, ballach
Air dhath na circ-fhraoich.

Cha chaidil, cha chaidil,
Cha chaidil mi uair,
Cha chaidil mi idir,
Gus an till na bheil nam.
Crodh Chailein mo chridhe,
Crodh Chailein mo ghaoil;
Crodh lionadh nan gogan,
Crodh togail nan laogh.

Their milk they will gi'e me
Sae cannie and free,
A' our lane on the hill-tap
Whaur nane's bye tae see.
Cro-Challain are bonnie,
Cro-Challain are dear;
Sae gran' at the milkin'!
Siccan calves as they rear!

Cro-Challain wad gi'e me,
Wherever they browse,
Their milk without fetter,
Among the green knowes.
Cro-Challain sae cannie,
In the heat o' the day,
They lie 'mang the heather,
While their calves round them play

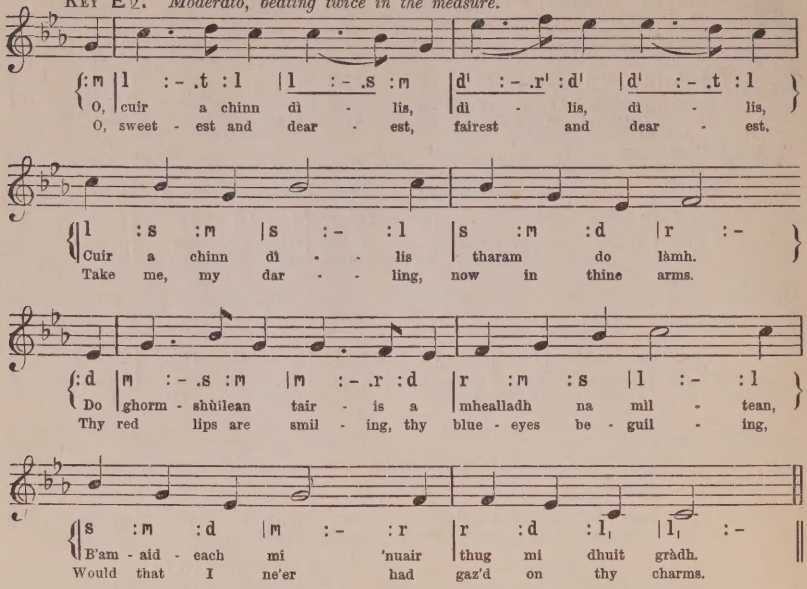
There 's a load on my bosom;
There 's a tear in my ee;
I am wae and forfochten;
There 's nae sleepin' for me.
Cro-Challain are bonnie,
Cro-Challain are braw;
Like the wing o' the muir-hen,
Brown spotted an' a'.

Nae sleepin', nae sleepin',
Nae sleepin' for me;
Till they come that I 'm seekin',
I maun ne'er close an ee.
Cro-Challain sae bonnie,
Cro-Challain sae dear
They aye fill the milk-pail—
What braw calves they rear!

Gaelic words old. Translation by C. M. P.

58.—CUIR A CHINN DILIS—FAIREST AND DEAREST.

KEY E♭. *Moderato, beating twice in the measure.*


O, cuir a chinn dì - lis, dì - lis, dì - lis,
O, sweet - est and dear - est, fairest and dear - est.
Cuir a chinn dì - lis tharam do làmh.
Take me, my dar - ling, now in thine arms.
Do ghorm - shùilean tair - is a mhealladh na mil - tean,
Thy red lips are smil - ing, thy blue - eyes be - guil - ing,
B'am - aid - each mi 'nuair thug mi dhuit gràdh.
Would that I ne'er had gaz'd on thy charms.

Rinn deisead do phearsa,
Nach facas a thuairmeas,
'G iomachd fo'n chuach-chùl camagach tlàth,
Rinn dealradh do mhaise,
'Us lasadh do ghruaidhean
Mise 'ghrad-bhualadh thairis gu làr.

Do dhearc-shùilean glana
Fo mhala gun ghruaimean,
'S daingean a bhuail iad mise le d'ghràdh;
Do ròs-bhilean tana,
Sèimh, farasda, suairce—
Cladhaichear m' uaigh mur glac thu mo làmh.

Thoir fuasgladh air m' anam
O'n cheangal a's cruaidhe;
Cuimhnich air t' uaisle, 's cobhair mo chàs;
No biodhams' a'm' thràill dhuit
Gu bràth o an uair so;
Tiomaich o chruas do chridhe gu tlàths.

Cha 'n fhaodar leam cadal,
Air leabaidh an uaigneas,
'S m' aigne 'gam bhuaireadh a dh' oidhche 'sa là;
Ach ainnir a's binne,
'S a's grinne, 's a's suairce,
Gabhsa dhiom truas 'us bithidh mi slàn.

Thy beauty and brightness
And lightness in going,
Under the bonnie brown waves of thy hair,
Thy lips red and luscious,
And blushes bright glowing,
Smote me with love and sweetest despair.

Thy blue eyes soft beaming
And gleaming, my treasure,
Lips like the rose in the dew of the morn,
With passions have filled me,
And thrilled me with pleasure;
Death is my doom if I suffer their scorn.

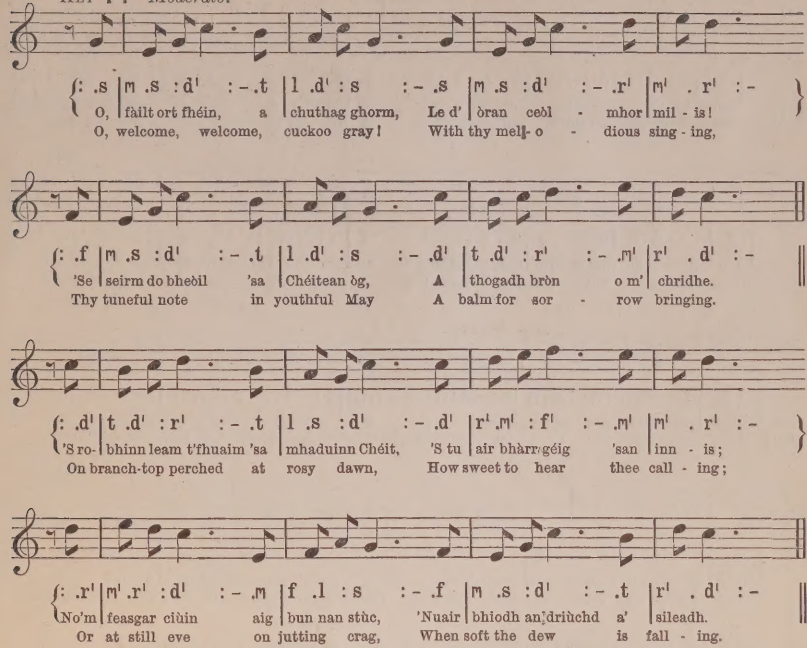
Thy charms are ensnaring,
Despairing I languish;
Free me—remember how noble thou art;
No longer enslave me,
But save me from anguish;
Love, sweetest love—let it soften thine heart.

For me there 's no sleeping,
But weeping grief-laden,
Midnight and morn with sorrow I dwell;
But oh! should my sweetest
And neatest young maiden
Pity and love me, soon I 'd be well,

Gaelic words old. Translation by L. MACLEAN

59—DO'N CHUTHAIG—THE CUCKOO.

KEY F. *Moderato.*


O, fàilt ort fhéin, a chuthag ghorm, Le d' òran ceòl - mhor mil - is!
O, welcome, welcome, cuckoo gray! With thy mell- o - dious sing - ing,
'Se seirm do bheòil 'sa Chéitean òg, A thogadh bròn o m' chridhe.
Thy tuneful note in youthful May A balm for sor - row bringing.
'S ro- bhinn leam t'fhuaim 'sa mhaduinn Chéit, 'S tu air bhàrr-géig 'san inn - is;
On branch-top perched at rosy dawn, How sweet to hear thee call - ing;
No'm feasgar ciùin aig bun nan stùc, 'Nuair bhiodh an driùchd a' sileadh.
Or at still eve on jutting crag, When soft the dew is fall - ing.

O, innis c'àit an robh do thriall
'Nuair bha na siantan fionnar;
No 'n robh thu 'd thosd gun chàil gun toirt
An còs a' chnoic fo dhubhar?
'S mor m' fharmad riut, a chuthag chòir,
Cha dean thu bròn 'nad shiubhal,
'Chionn tha do dhoire daonnan gorm,
'S do chrìdh' an còmhnuidh subhach.

Ged theicheas tu roimh 'n fhuachd air àm,
Gu'm faic do ghleann thu rithis,
Ach 'n uair bheir mise ris mo chùl,
Cha bhi mo dhùil ri tilleadh;
Is truagh nach b'urrainn domh leat triall
Air astar sgiath 'nar dithis,
Le caismeachd bhinn 'toirt fios gach àm
'Nuair bhiodh an samhradh 'tighinn.

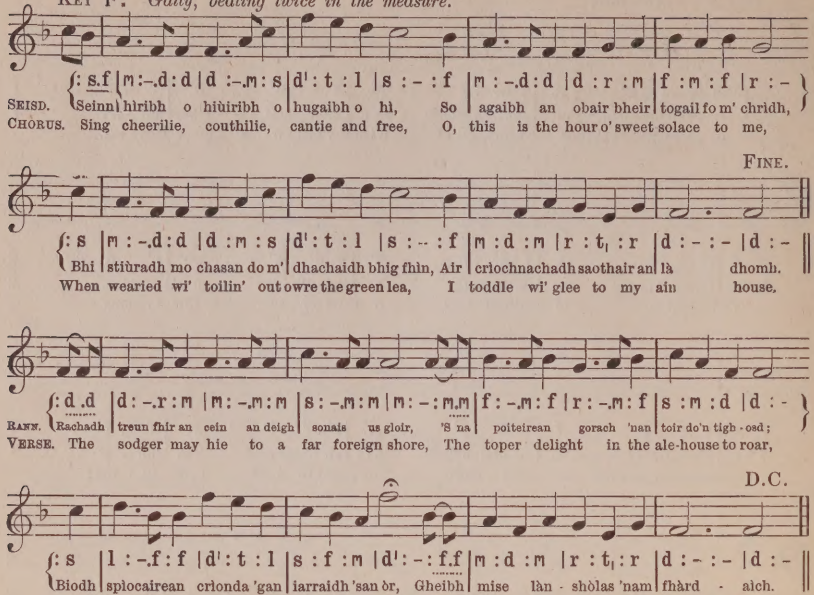
Oh, say where to thy journey tends,
When storms on summer follow?
Or art thou silent, snug at ease,
Hid in some shady hollow?
Beloved bird, I envy thee,
Thou bring'st no sorrow tearful,
For as thy grove is ever green,
Thy heart is ever cheerful.

Though winter drives thee south away,
Again thy glen shall hear thee;
But when I go no gladsome hope
Of coming back shall cheer me.
Oh, that afar we journey might
On wingèd flight together!
With welcome note to warn the land
Of coming summer weather.

Gaelic words by the late Dr. MACLACHLAN, Rahoy. Translation by FINDLAY MACRAE, M.A., Glasgow.

60—MO DHACHAIDH—MY AIN HOUSE.

KEY F. *Gaily, beating twice in the measure.*


SEISD. Seinn hìribh o hiùiribh o hugaibh o hì, So agaibh an obair bheir togail fo m' chridh,
CHORUS. Sing cheerilie, couthilie, cantie and free, O, this is the hour o' sweet solace to me,
FINE.
Bhi stiùradh mo chasan do m' dhachaidh bhig fhìn, Air crìochnachadh saothair an là dhomh.
When wearied wi' toilin' out owre the green lea, I toddle wi' glee to my ain house.
RANN. Rachadh treun fhir an cein an deigh sonais us gloir, 'S na poiteirean gorach 'nan toir do'n tigh - osd;
VERSE. The sodger may hie to a far foreign shore, The toper delight in the ale-house to roar,
D.C.
Biodh spìocairean crìonda 'gan iarraidh 'san òr, Gheibh mise làn - shòlas 'nam fhàrd - aich.
The miser may revel in countin' his store, I ha'e pleasures galore in my ain house.

Seall thall thar an aiseig am fasgadh nan craobh,
Am bothan beag glan ud, 's e gealaicht' le aol;
Sud agaibh mo dhachaidh: 's i dachaidh mo ghaoil,
Gun chaisteal 'san t-saoghal a 's feàrr leam.

Tha maise an àite ag àrdach' a luach;
Tha'n t-sòbhrag 's an neòinean a'còmhdach nam bruach;
Tha toman 'ga dhìonadh o shìon an taobh-tuaith;
'S mu 'n cuairt air tha cluanagan àillidh.

Tha Nàdur 'san àit' ud a ghnàth 'our ri ceòl—
Mur e 'n smeòrach 'san duilleach 's e 'n uiseag 'sna neòil;
No caochan an fhuarain a' gluasad troimh 'n lòn;
No Mòrag ri crònan do 'n phàisde.

Mo dhùrachd 's mo bheannachd dhuit, bheanag na loinn,
Tha fritheal' mu m' fhàrdaich 's ag àrach' mo chloinn;
Do chridhe 's do nàdur gun àrdan, gun fhoill,
Ach caoimhneas a' boillsgeadh 'nad bhlàth-shuil.

Air ciaradh do 'n fheasgar 's mi seasgair fo dhìon.
Mu 'n cuairt air a' chagailt bidh aighear gun dìth,
Na pàisdean ri àbhachd 's am màthair ri sniomh,
'S mo chridh-s' air a llonadh le gràdh dhoibh.

Air falbh uam a' mhòr-chuis, an t-òr agus cliù;
Cha 'n 'eil annta ach faoineas 'us saobh-ghlòir nach fhiù;
Cha 'n fhàgainn mo dhachaidh 's bean-chagair mo rùin
Gu bhì 'sealbhachadh lùchairt le bànrigh'nn.

Ayont by the ferry, whaur woodlands are green,
My cantie cot housie stan's tidy an' clean;
I envy nae laird in his castle, I ween,
I'm happy an' bien in my ain house.

My cosy bit biggin' it's dear abune a',
Surrounded wi' daisies an' primroses braw,
The hillock ahint it's a bield frae the snaw
When winter win's blaw roun' my ain house.

Kind nature has scattered her gifts through the glen,
The lark is in tune as he soun's his refrain;
My wife hears the croon o' the burn in the den,
As she lilts to the wean in our ain house.

My blessin' gae wi' ye, fond wifie o' mine,
The star o' my hame since I wooed ye langsyne,
Yer leal heart wad never to envy incline;
Ye're cantie an' kin' in yer ain house.

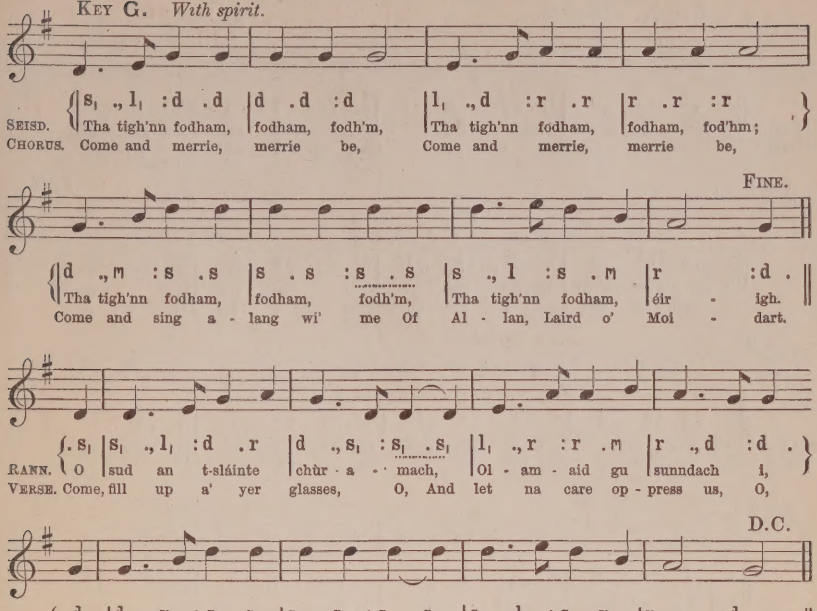
At fa' o' the gloamin' when darkness is near,
Our hearth is surrounded wi' daffin' and cheer.
The bairnies are singin' sae lichtsome an' clear,
They're pleasant to hear in our ain house.

Awa' wi' yer riches an' rank, wi' their glare,
They're naethin' but folly an' phantoms o' air;
The ha' o' the Queen an' the luxuries there
Can never compare wi' my ain house.

Gaelic words by M. MACFARLANE. Translation by ALEX. STEWART, Polmont.

61—AILEAN MUIDEARTACH—ALLAN, LAIRD O' MOIDART.

KEY G. *With spirit.*


SEISD. Tha tigh'nn fodham, fodham, fodh'm, Tha tigh'nn fodham, fodham, fod'hm;
CHORUS. Come and merrie, merrie be, Come and merrie, merrie be,
FINE.
Tha tigh'nn fodham, fodham, fodh'm, Tha tigh'nn fodham, éir - igh.
Come and sing a - lang wi' me Of Al - lan, Laird o' Moi - dart.
RANN. O sud an t-sláinte chùr - a - mach, Ol - am - aid gu sunndach i,
VERSE. Come, fill up a' yer glasses, O, And let na care op - press us, O,
D.C.
Deoch- slàinte Ailein Mhùideartaich, Mo dhùrachd dhuit gu'n éir - ich.
But drink this toast, "Guid bless us a' And keep the Laird o' Moi - dart."

'Us ged a bhiodh tu fada bhuam,
Gu'n éireadh sunnd 'us aigne orm
'Nuair chluinninn sgeul a b' aite leam
Air gaisgeach nan gnìomh euchdach.

Gur sgiobair ri là gaillinn thu
A sheòladh cuan nam marannan,
A bheireadh long gu calachan
Le spionnadh glac do threun-fhear.

Tha sgeul beag eil' a dhearbhadh leat,
Gur sealgair sithne 'n garbhlaich thu,
Le d' chuilbhear caol nach dearmadach
Air dearg-ghreidh nan ceann eutrom.

B'e sud an leóghann aigeannach—
'Nuair nochdadh tu do bhaidealan,
Làmh dhearg 'us long, 'us bradanan,—
'Nuair lasadh meamn 'nad eudann.

Thae times when he was far awa'
Across the seas at war, an' a',
His fame for deeds o' daurin' O,
Was ringing a' thro' Moidart.

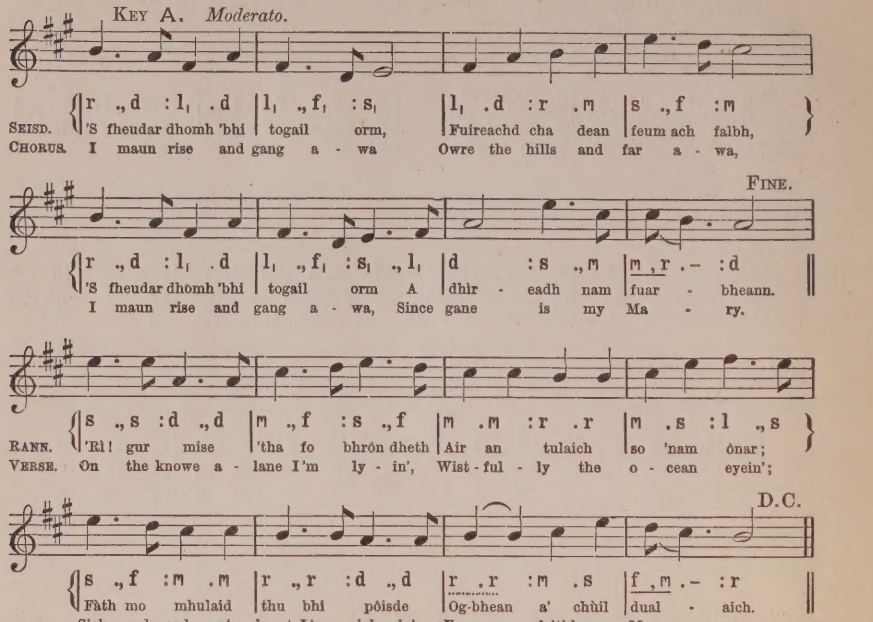
His was the skill o' sailin', O;
When tempests were prevailin' O,
And waves the bark assailin', O,
He steered us safe tae Moidart.

He hunted aye sae keenly, O,
And brocht down aye sae cleanly, O,
The stags and hinds sae queenly, O,
Amang the wilds o' Moidart.

When he spread forth his pennon, O,
Abune his warlike men an' a',
His foes were dauntit, kennin' a'
The red-hand badge o' Moidart.

Gaelic words by JOHN MACDONALD (IAIN MAC DHUGHAILL 'IC LACHLAINN). Translation by M. MACFARLANE.

62—'S FHEUDAR DHOMH 'BHI TOGAIL ORM—I MAUN RISE AND GANG AWA.

KEY A. *Moderato.*

SEISD. 'S fheudar dhomh 'bhi togail orm, Fuireachd cha dean feum ach falbh,
CHORUS. I maun rise and gang a - wa Owre the hills and far a - wa,
FINE.
'S fheudar dhomh 'bhi togail orm A dhìr - eadh nam fuar - bheann.
I maun rise and gang a - wa, Since gane is my Ma - ry.
RANN. 'Rì! gur mise 'tha fo bhròn dheth Air an tulaich so 'nam ònar;
VERSE. On the knowe a - lane I'm ly - in', Wist - ful - ly the o - cean eyein';
D.C.
Fàth mo mhulaid thu bhi pòisde Og-bhean a' chùil dual - aich.
Sick and sad at heart I'm sigh - in' For my faithless Ma - ry.

Do na h-Innsean 's tric a sheòl mi,
'S anns gach caladh tha mi eòlach;
Té ni coimeas riut am bòidhchead,
Gus a so cha d' fhuair mi.

Ach cha'mhaise 'rùin, 's cha bhòidhchead
A chuir mi cho mòr an tòir ort;
'S e mi bhi riut tric a' còmhradh,
'S eòlach air do ghluasad.

'N uair chi mi 'n gleann 'san robh sinn còmhla
'Buain nan sòbhraichean 's nan neòinean,
'S sinn le chéile aotrom gòrach,—
Ruithidh deòir ri m' ghruaidhean.

Dh'fhàg thu mise 'n so gu brònach,
H-uile latha o'n a sheòl thu,
'S ged a théid mi 'measg nan òighean
Bith'dh mo chòmhradh fuar leò.

Ach c'uime 'm bithinnse fo smalan,
'Us mo lìontan air a' chladach,
'S iasg cho math an grunnd na mara
'S a thàinig riamh an uachdar.

I ha'e been tae mony places,
I ha'e seen fu' mony faces;
Never sic a wealth o' graces
As belang'd tae Mary.

'Twasna beauty a'thegither
Made me prize her 'bune a' ither;
But sae aft 's I did forgather
Wi' my lang-lo'ed Mary.

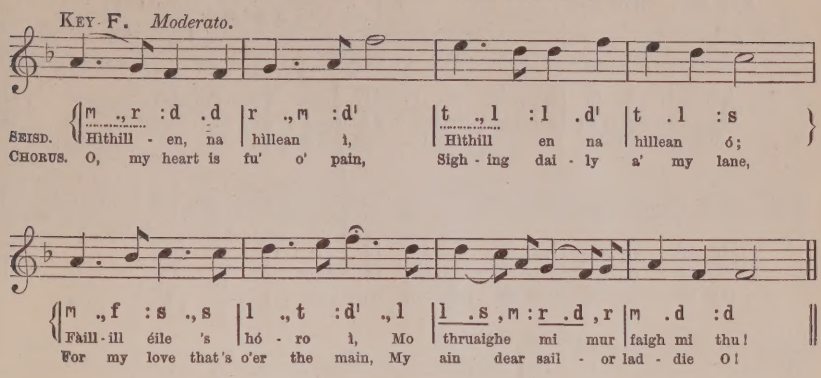
'Neath my view the glen reposes,
Whaur I 've aften fashioned posies
O' its daisies and primroses
For my charmin' Mary.

But her leavin 's left me tearfu',
O' the future doubtfu', fearfu';
Mang the lasses nae mair cheerfu'
As I was wi' Mary.

But why should I be now despairin'
And my sorrows thus be airin',
When there 's tae be had for spierin'
Quite as guid as Mary.

Gaelic Words from Fionn's *Celtic Garland.* Translation by M. MACFARLANE.

63—MARAICHE NAN TONN—THE SAILOR LADDIE

KEY F. *Moderato.*

SEISD. Hithill - en, na hillean ì, Hìthill en na hillean ó;
CHORUS. O, my heart is fu' o' pain, Sigh - ing dai - ly a' my lane,
Faill - ill éile 's hó - ro ì, Mo thruaighe mi mur faigh mi thu!
For my love that's o'er the main, My ain dear sail - or lad - die O!

Tha mi 'n so mar dhruid an crann,
An déigh a cuid eun a chall;
Seacharan air dol a'm' cheann,
'S ged thig an t-àm cha chaidil mi.

'Thasgaidh mo chridhe 'us mo chléibh,
Chuireadh tu air feadan gleus;
Dhànnsadh tu air ùrlar réidh
Gu lùghor eutrom, aighearach.

Dh' fhàg thu mise dubhach, trom,
'S thaobh thu crannagan nan long;
Ged a bhiodh do phòca lom,
Gun nì gun fhonn gu'n gabhainn thu.

'S e mo cheisd fear a' chùil bhàin;
B 'aotrom do cheum air sràid;
O'n a chaidh thu null thar sàil'
Tha mi o'n là sin acanach.

Fhuair mi do litir a nall,
Air a sgrìobhadh leis a' pheann,
Thàin' an Nollaig 's dh' fhalbh an t-àm
O'n gheall thu tighinn a'm' amharc-sa.

Tha mi gun airgiod 'us gun òr,—
Cha 'n e so a rinn mo leòn,
Ach nach fhaic mi thu ri m' bheò
A seòladh taobh an fhearainn so.

Like the mavis on the thorn,
Wi' her offspring frae her torn,
Here I 'm sittin' a' forlorn,
Lamentin' sair my laddie O!

O, my love is young and gay,
He can dance and he can play,
So he wiled my heart away—
My rantin' sailor laddie O!

He has left me sad and drear,
Since he sailed awa' frae here,
Still my choice, tho' lackin' gear,
Wad be my sailor laddie O!

He is young and he is fair,
Wi' a wealth o' gouden hair;
O, it pains the heart fu' sair,
The absence o' my laddie O!

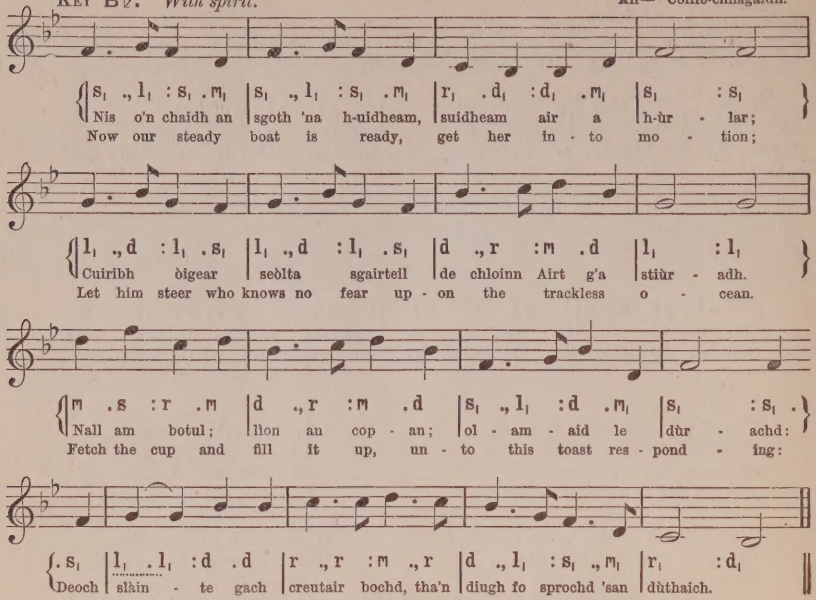
Once you wrote me, weel I min',
That you 'd come and mak' me thine,
But the time has gane langsyne,
Yet nae word o' my laddie O!

Goud an' siller I ha'e nane,
'Tis na that that gi'es me pain,
But that I shall ne'er again
Behold my sailor laddie O!

Gaelic words old. Translation by FIONN.

64—IORRAM—A BOAT SONG.

KEY B♭. *With spirit.* Air—"Coille-chnagaidh."


Nis o'n chaidh an sgoth 'na h-uidheam, suidheam air a h-ùr - lar;
Now our steady boat is ready, get her in - to mo - tion;
Cuiribh òigear seòlta sgairteil de chloinn Airt g'a stiùr - adh.
Let him steer who knows no fear up - on the trackless o - cean.
Nall am botul; lìon an cop - an; ol - am - aid le dùr - achd:
Fetch the cup and fill it up, un - to this toast res - pond - ing:
Deoch slàin - te gach creutair bochd, tha'n dùgh fo sprochd 'san dùthaich.
The health of all both great and small, now hope - less - ly des - pond - ing.

Siùdaibh 'illean, càiribh rithe.
Bithibh cridheil, sunndach;
Thugaibh làmh gu h-ealamh, dàn'
Air cur an àird a siùil rithe;
Na biodh cùram oirbh, no eagal;
Seasamaid ar cùrsa;
Ruigidh sinn gu cala sàbhailt',
Ged is dàn an ionnsaidh.

Chaidh sinn seachad air a' Ghràtair
Ged a b' àrd a bhùraich;
Ged a bha Bun-dubh cho gàbhaidh
Ràinig sinn a nunn air;
'Dol seachad Sòi, Ri! bu mhór
An crònan bh'aig na sùighean;
'Se mo ghràdh an stiùradh grinn
Nach leigeadh mill g'ar n-ionnsaidh.

Nunn do Mhuile, nunn do Mhuile,
Nunn do Mhuile théid i;
Nunn do Mhuile air bàrr tuinne
Ged robh muir a' beucaich.
'S mi tha sunndach air a h-ùrlar
Air bàrr sùigh ag éirigh;
Mo ghràdh an iùbhrach làidir, dhùbailt',
'S na fir lùthmhor ghleusda.

We 'll merry be when out at sea,
We 'll have a song from Rory;
Bear a hand, my gallant band,
To raise her canvas hoary.
Banish fear, our course is clear,
We 'll proudly keep our bearing,
And safely land on yonder strand,
Although the feat be daring.

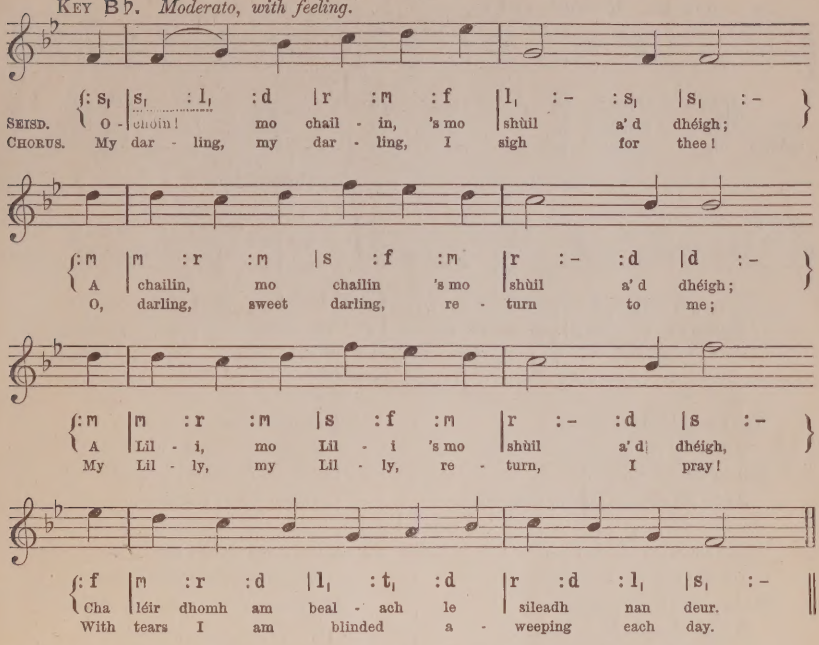
The waters poured, the tempest roared,
And dashing waves passed over,
When passing Soy, 'twas then my boy,
We bless'd the tidy "Rover";
With crew so brave upon the wave,
To fear I am a stranger;
I love the hand that can command
A boat amid such danger.

To Mull we go, to Mull we go,
That island worth adoring,
To Mull we go, though winds may blow,
And billows fierce be roaring;
'Mid flying foam I feel at home,
At sea I 'm in my glory.
Our crew and boat—the best afloat,—
Their name shall live in story!

Gaelic words by Dr. J. MACLACHLAN, Rahoy. Translation by FIONN.

65—MO SHUIL A'D DHEIGH—FOR THEE I SIGH.

KEY B♭. *Moderato, with feeling.*


SEISD. O - chòin! mo chail - in, 's mo shùil a' d dhéigh;
CHORUS. My dar - ling, my dar - ling, I sigh for thee!
A chailin, mo chailin 's mo shùil a' d dhéigh;
O, darling, sweet darling, re - turn to me;
A Lil - i, mo Lil - i 's mo shùil a' d dhéigh,
My Lil - ly, my Lil - ly, re - turn, I pray!
Cha léir dhomh am beal - ach le sileadh nan deur.
With tears I am blinded a - weeping each day.

Gun d'éirich mi mochthra maduinn an dé,
'S gu'n ghèarr mi'n ear-thalmhainn do bhrìgh mo sgéil;
An dùil gu'm faicinnse rùn mo chléibh;
Ochòin! gu'm facas, 's a cùlaobh rium féin.

Na'm bitheadh sud agam mo lùgh 's mo leum,
Mi'm shuidhe aig bealach, 's mo chù air éill,
Gu'n deanainn-sa cogadh gu làidir treun
Mu'n leiginn mo leannan le fear tha fo'n ghréin.

'S ann ormsa tha 'm mulad 's am fiabhrus mòr,
O'n chualas gu'n deach' thu le Brian òg;
Mo chomunn cha dean mi ri mnaoi 's an fheòil,
O'n rinn thu mo thréigsinn, 's mi fhéin a bhi beò.

O! cha'n'eil uiseag 's na speuraibh àrd,
No eun anns an doire d'am b'eòl mo gràdh
Nach 'eil nis ri tuireadh a dh'oidhch' 's a là,
O'n chualas gu'n ghlacadh mo chailin air laimh.

Yesterday morning, at dawn of day,
I pulled the yarrow with heart so gay,
Expecting my sweetheart to pass that way,
I saw her—but, wae 's me, she turned away.

If I had the strength of my early days,
When lightly I followed with hound the chase,
I'd fight with the bravest and lay him low,
Before my true love with another should go.

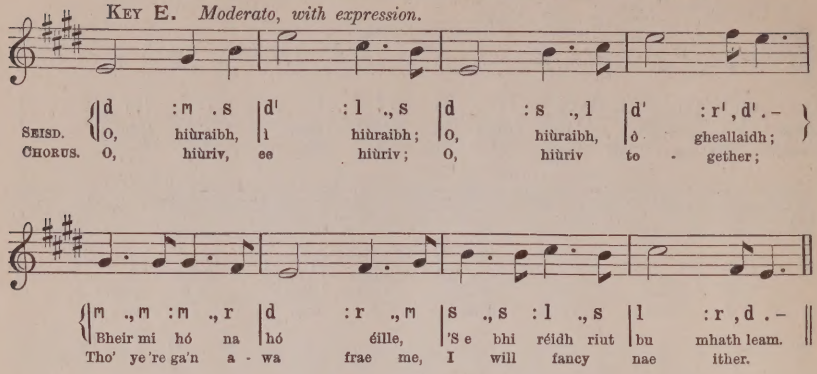
My heart is a-breaking, I sigh alone,
Since off with young Brian my love has gone.
I'll ne'er love another, I vow and swear,
Since thou hast refusèd my heart's love to share.

The birds that were merry in yonder grove
Where oft with my sweetheart I used to rove,
O'ershaded with sorrow, now sing their lay,
Since she to another is wedded to-day.

Gaelic words from *The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*. Translation by FIONN.

66—'TOIRT M' AGHAIDH RI DIURA—LANG LOOKIN' TAE JURA.

KEY E. *Moderato, with expression.*


SEISD. d :m .s | d' :l .,s | d :s .,l | d' :r',d'.-
O, hiùraibh, | ì hiùraibh; | O, hiùraibh, | ò gheallaidh;
CHORUS. O, hiùriv, ee hiùriv; O, hiùriv to - gether;
m .,m :m .,r | d :r .,m | s .,s :l .,s | l :r ,d .-
Bheir mi hó na | hó éille, | 'S e bhi réidh riut | bu mhath leam.
Tho' ye're ga'n a - wa frae me, I will fancy nae ither.

'Toirt m' aghaidh ri Diùra,
'S mo chùl ri Port-Ascaig,
Shil gu frasach mo shùilean,
'S gun mo dhùil ri tigh'nn dachaidh.

'Nuair chuir iad air bòrd thu
Air long nan trì chrannaibh,
'S iomadh té bha gu tùrsach,
'S deòir a' sruthadh gu talamh.

Bu tu leannan nan gruagach,
'S tu uasal 'us maiseach;
Gruaidhean meachair mar mhaighdeann,
Sùil an t-saighdeir fo d' mhalaidh.

Tha thu foghainteach, làidir;
Tha thu tàbhachdach, smearail;
'Dol an éideadh a' Ghaidheil,
Air an tràigh bu tu 'm meangan.

Gaol peathar, gaol bràthar,
Gaol màthar 'us athar;
An gaol a thug mi cha tréig mi
Gus an téid mi 'san anart.

Lang lookin' tae Jura,
Port-Askaig behind me,
In my een the tears gathered
And to grief I resigned me.

When going aboard her,
The gallant three-masted,
Mony fond hearts were meltin',
Mony fond hopes were blasted.

Of gentles the flower;
Of maidens the darlin',
For yer cheeks they bloomed ruddy,
And yer ee it shone warlike.

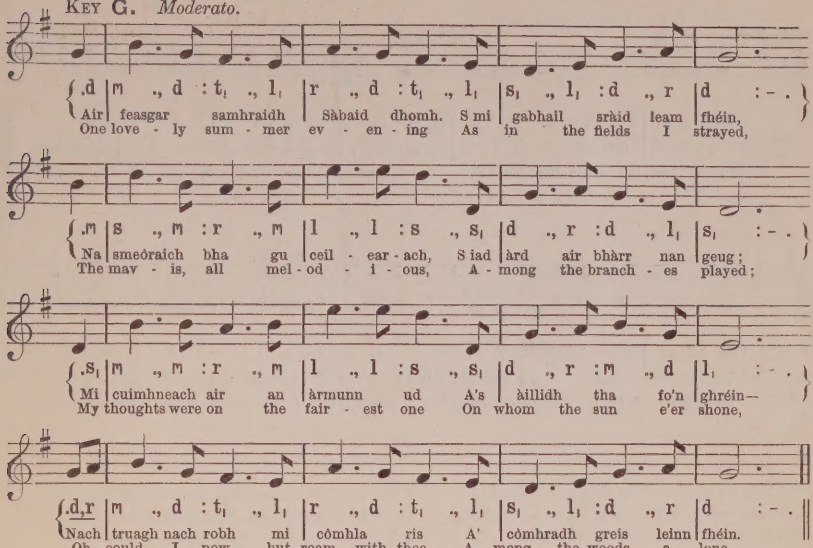
Sae handsome, sae manly,
Sae smilin' and cheerie;
In the kilt and plaid lookin'
Even like a young hero.

Far dearer than faither,
Far dearer than mither,
Is tae me my braw laddie,
And I'll fancy nae ither.

Gaelic words from Sinclair's *Oranaiche.* Translation by M. MACFARLANE.

67—GAOL AN T-SEOLADAIR—THE SAILOR'S LOVE.

KEY G. *Moderato.*


Air feasgar samhraidh Sàbaid dhomh. S mi gabhail sràid leam fhéin,
One love - ly sum - mer ev - en - ing As in the fields I strayed,
Na smeòraich bha gu ceil - ear - ach, S iad àrd air bhàrr nan geug;
The mav - is, all mel - od - i - ous, A - mong the branch - es played;
Mi cuimhneach air an àrmunn ud A's àillidh tha fo'n ghréin—
My thoughts were on the fair - est one On whom the sun e'er shone,
Nach truagh nach robh mi còmhla ris A' còmhradh greis leinn fhéin.
Oh, could I now but roam with thee A - mong the woods a - lone.

Tha m' athair us mo mhàthair,
'Us mo chàirdean rium an gruaim;
'S ann tha gach aon diubh 'g ràdhainn
"Gu bràth an tig ort buaidh?
An dì-chuimhnich thu 'ghòraiche
Bho d' òige 'thog thu suas?"
'S ann thug mi gaol do 'n t-seòladair
'Tha seòladh thar a' chuain!

Tha'r leam gur mi bha gòrach
'N uair a thòisich mi ri dàn;
Cha bhàrd a dheanadh òran mi,
'S cha chòir dhomh dol 'na dhàil:
Tha ni-eiginn air m' inntinn-sa
'S cha 'n fhaod mi inns' do chàch,
Gu 'n d'thug mi gaol do 'n t-seòladair
Air long nam mòr-chrann àrd.

Ach innsidh mise 'n fhìrinn duibh—
Mur bheil mo bharail faoin—
Tha gaol nam fear cho caochlaideach,
'S e 'seòladh mar a' ghaoith,
Mar dhrùchd air madainn Chéitein,
'S mar dhealt air bhàrr an fheòir;
Le teas na gréine éirigh e,
'S cha léir dhuinn e 'sna neòil.

Ma's nì e nach 'eil òrdaichte,
Gu 'n còmhlaich sinn gu bràth,
Mo dhùrachd thu bhi fallain,
'Us mo roghainn ort thar chàich!
Ma bhrist thu 'nis na cùmhnantan
'S nach cuimhue leat mar bha,
O, guidheam rogha céile dhuit
'Us laidhe 's éirigh slàn!

My friends are with me angry;
My parents me despise,—
They say unto me constantly,
"Oh, wilt thou ne'er be wise?
Forget for aye the thoughtlessness
From youth that clung to thee,"—
Because I love the sailor lad
Who sails the stormy sea.

'Twas folly of me to begin
In rhyme to sound thy praise;
That I can claim no bardic fame
This effort now displays;
Although my heart is burdened sore,
To few I must confide
The love I bear the sailor lad
Who sails the rolling tide.

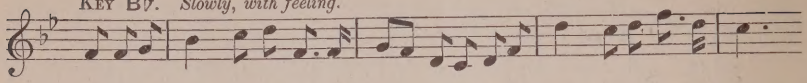
The truth to you I'll now unfold—
Oh, deem one not unkind!
The love of man unsettled is
And restless as the wind;
Like dew which falling in the night,
Or at the break of day,
Will rise before the noonday glare
And quickly pass away.

And if stern fate has ordered so
That we should meet no more,
And if by thee forgotten are
Our vows upon the shore;
I'll pray that health and happiness
May ever with thee stay,
A charming wife to comfort thee
And cheer thee on thy way.

Gaelic words by JOHN MACLEAN, Skye. Translation by FIONN.

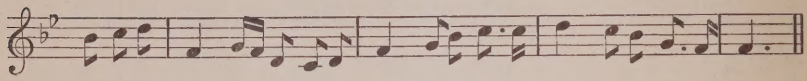
68—AN T-OIGEAR UALLACH—THE GAY YOUNG LADDIE.

KEY B♭. *Slowly, with feeling.*



'Se'n t-òigear uallach a sheòl thar chuan uainn Rinn m'fhagaill truagh dheth 'sa luaisg mo chridh';

My gay young lad - die has cross'd the o - cean And left me lone - ly and sad at heart;



A fhleasgaich uasail an leadain dualaich, Tha mi fo ghruaim o'n a dh'fhàgthu'n 'tìr.

My gentle lad - die with dark hair flow - ing, For thee I 'm moan - ing since we did part.

Ged thig an samhradh le thrusgan greannar
A sgeadach' ghleann agus bheann le lìth,
Cha tog e fonn air mo chridhe trom-sa;
Tha 'n saoghal lom leam 's mo shonn a'm' dhìth.

Cha b' ionann m' àbhaist an uair bu ghnàth leam
Bhi 'n glaic mo ghràdhaich air sgàth na frìth!
An duilleach uaine 'na sgàil mu 'n cuairt duinn,
'S a thrusgan snuaghmhor mu bhruaich a' ghlinn.

An coireal ceòlmhor air feadh nan cròc-mheur,
'S an t-eas, gu bòidheach, a' dòrtadh still;
An crodh air àilean, 's an teas 'gan sàrach,
'S na laoigh le àilleas ri àbhachd dhuinn.

An t-òigear dualach, 's a cheann an cluain rium,
A' gabhail dhuanag á 'chuanal binn;
Treis eil' air brìodal gu milis mìogach,
'S mo chneas dluth-fhillte 'na mhìn-ghlaic ghrinn.

An sin b'e m' àilleas a' choill' 's na blàithean,
'S bhi 'tathaich fàsaich 'us sgàil na frìth
Le m' òigear àluinn do 'n d'thug mi 'n gràdh sin
A dhùisg mo chràdh o'n a dh'fhàg e 'n tìr.

The summer comes with its verdant clothing,
And flow'rs bloom over each hill and glen;
And yet within me they wake but loathing,
For joy no more can the cold world lend.

It was not so, love, when I was folded
Full snug and cosy in thy embrace;
The green leaves spread their cool shadow o'er us,
While sunshine poured on the green brae face.

Among the branches the birds sang cheery;
The noisy fall of the stream poured down;
The cows were on the green meadows grazing,
Their calves were gaily sporting round.

'Twas then my laddie with dark hair flowing,
His song would pour in my ravish'd ear;
Or gently round me his fond arms throwing,
Would kiss me over and call me dear.

Then my delight was the sweet flow'rs blooming,
The heath'ry moor and the leafy dell;
My laddie near me to cheer my bosom:
Now all is gloomy since his farewel'

Gaelic words by JAMES MUNRO. Translation by C. M. P.

END OF VOL. I.

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